Saturday Review of Literature

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VOL. XXX No. 40

OCTOBER 4, 1947

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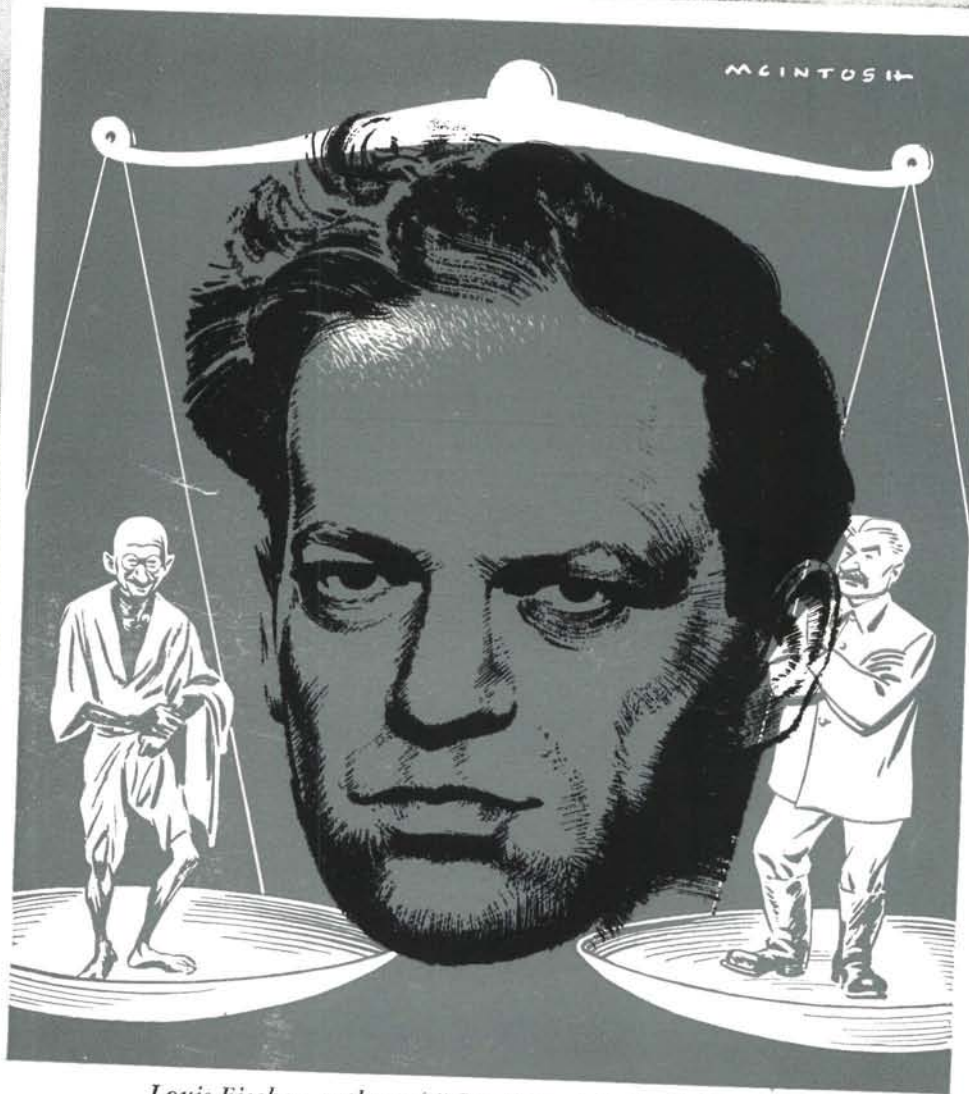

Louis Fischer, author of "Gandhi and Stalin." *(See page 11)*

Newspapers and the Bomb

By 9 NIEMAN FELLOWS

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So Dear to My Heart

takes you back home again to Fulton Corners . . .

EVER fall in love with a neighbor girl, and adventure with her over hill and pasture, through woodland and swamp, and to the county fair itself? Ever run away from home in the spring, or fish catfish under a bridge, or fight the town bully? Ever find a bee tree and make your first fortune from its honey? . . . Sterling North's new novel is as nostalgic as lamplight through sycamores, but it is also as honest as the hatred of the Kincaids for the Tarletons and as realistic and down-to-earth as the copper-toed shoes Jeremiah kicked off in the garden that morning he dropped his hoe and lit out for Fulton Corners and his first sight of Dan Patch "the fastest horse in creation."

Rich, earthy, homespun—here is the way people lived and loved and suffered and triumphed in an earlier America.

Jeremiah Kincaid is the universal American boy of his era. He was switched with willow whips, fed sulphur and molasses, preached to and prayed over. Generous and forgiving in little things, he was willing to argue with Granny or the Lord God Almighty on matters of importance. Like Granny he was "sassy poor" and stiff-starch proud, with a current of rebellion running as deep as Blue Lick river

His Bible quoting Granny, whose son had run off with the wild and lovely Tarleton girl, was raising Jerry in the straight and narrow. She could sing gay ballads, bake mouth-watering "Scripture Cake" and weave the whole family history into her "story covers." But she also "laid down more commandments than the Lord revealed to Moses." She and Jeremiah met in head-on collision over the black buck lamb he raised on a nursing bottle.

Uncle Hiram, who was a boy once himself, understood Jerry better. He guided Jeremiah with a slack rein from his headquarters in the blacksmith shop, made him a fishpole, taught him "You've got to land your own fish in this world," and finally told him the truth about his turbulent mother and father and the origins of the Kincaid-Tarleton feud. He thought he could "wrap Granny around his finger like a white oak splint", but he was taking on a ring-tailed roarer.

Tildy Wheaton was Jeremiah's best girl. Together they found the bee-tree in "Dead Man's Swamp"—scoured the stormy hills for the lost lamb, and finally earned the money for going to the fair.

You'll laugh, and cry, and insist upon reading passages out loud when you start for the Pike County Fair behind chugging old Ninety-Nine. You'll be proud of Granny's new high-heeled notions, and the store-bought clothes in which Jerry, Tildy and Uncle Hiram prepare to face the scornful outlanders.

Not since the first Kincaids came through Cumberland gap had any member of the family seen such a spectacle as the fair with its ferris wheel and merry-go-round and sleek, beribboned animals all better fed than any man, woman or child in Cat Hollow. And you will murmer with Jerry when he steps with his lamb into the judging ring before thousands of strange and even hostile eyes:

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.

Here is deep water tragedy and the ecstacy and perennial hope of youth—the grim determination of a lovable woman, and fiery loyalty in the heart of a boy. In fact, here is what the poet Blake called "the universe in a grain of sand"—all the problems of humanity acted out in a cabin in Fulton Corners, in the America of another day.

From first to last the plot is tight, the action fast, and the writing magnificent, singing prose.

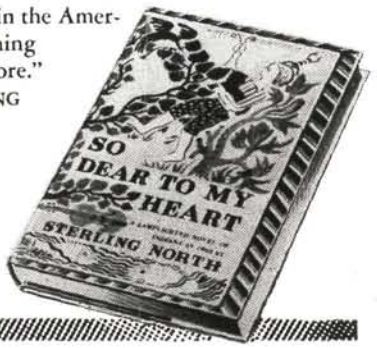
It's a wholesome, red-blooded, but poignant story—the once in a decade kind which has the feel of a classic. It has high drama and suspense, color, pace and drive. If you were ever young, you'll enjoy each chapter. This homely, unpretentious tale is filled with the warm juice of living. And when you have read the last page you'll probably say with Granny Kincaid:

"Satisfied? I'm so satisfied I'm plumb miserable."

Or maybe you will feel, with the psalmist, that you have been led in green pastures and beside the still waters.

"A significant, dynamic novel in the American library . . . never has anything quite like this been written before."

—DANIEL A. POLING



So Dear to My Heart

a novel by STERLING NORTH

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October 4, 1947

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc. 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Arthur Bodenheimer, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXX, No. 40, October 4, 1947. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1947, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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FIVE CHIMNEYS

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by

OLGA LENGYEL

"Passionate, tormenting reading... Lengyel tells of everything she saw with her eyes, felt on her body, endured with her spirit... makes one proud to be a human being."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

"A rich addition to the most ghastly story of all time. Those who care about the future should read this book and make others do the same."—*Sat. Review of Literature* $3.00

We were told that this book wouldn't sell.

"Too horrible a story," cautioned some. "Americans are tired of reading about Nazi brutality," warned others.

But Olga Lengyel's day-by-day record of the terror, the humiliation, the insane experiments, the vicious mistreatment of the inmates of Auschwitz and Birkenau has become a best-seller. It's exciting reading—shocking reading. Reviewers nationwide say it is *must* reading. Olga Lengyel actually lived through the horror of Auschwitz. She has written an everlasting indictment of Nazi philosophy which Sterling North calls "a more moving story than Dante's *Inferno*—and with a far more important moral."

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE BATTLE of the BULGE

DARK DECEMBER

by

ROBERT E. MERRIAM

"At last... the factual story of the Battle of the Bulge... this book explodes myths... explains surprise and victory... it is history of the best."—*Front Page, N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

"The best piece of combat history of the E.T.O. so far."—*Saturday Review of Literature*

With this book, too, we are told, "it won't sell... people don't read war books." But DARK DECEMBER is a critical and sales success because it's a war book of a *different* kind. The Germans made their last, daring assault in the Battle of the Bulge. They caught us by surprise. Thousands asked, "How was this possible?" "How did the Nazis plan it?" "Why wasn't it anticipated?" And from the man who prepared the official history of the battle for the War Department, comes the answer to these and other questions.

As the *San Francisco Chronicle* puts it, this book is "A joy to read ...the fullest possible account of the Battle of the Bulge." $3.00

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

●● In Chicago, Willard Motley, author of "Knock on Any Door," took Henry Ehrlich, who was preparing lead article on the book for *Look* magazine, on tour of Windy City slums. The prison warden allowed Ehrlich to sit down in the electric chair to try it out. Suddenly Ehrlich saw the warden go over to switch and push a button. There was a whirring sound. "Just the ventilator," laughed the warden. "It gets out the smells." But Ehrlich didn't hear him. He came to some minutes later.

●● In Warsaw, Ambassador Stanton Griffis cabled Trade Winds:

TEARS OF PITY STILL STREAMING DOWN MY CHEEKS AFTER READING YOUR ARTICLE ON PUBLISHERS' WOES. . . . IN VIEW YOUR OBVIOUS INDIGENT CONDITION GLAD INVITE YOU JOIN BOOKSELLERS WHO HAVE LONG SINCE FORMED HABIT OF NOT EATING. REGARDS.

It is cheering to know that our diplomatic corps is so interested in the welfare of the book business. (P.S.: Ambassador Griffis also owns Brentano's.)

●● In the September *Esquire*, A. J. Liebling considers the plight of publishers in a faintly amusing and highly inaccurate piece, devoting most of his space to the surprising allegation that when editors move from one firm to another, the manuscripts they leave behind are sabotaged deliberately by their successors. For instance, Mr. Liebling?

●● In Brookline, orchidaceous juvenile scrivener Margaret Ford (her latest book: "David and the Magic Powder") assured herself a free copy of the "1948 Information Please Almanac" by marrying its famous editor, John Kieran.

●● In Brooklyn, bookseller Charles Bragin assembled with loving care a complete set of the 850 *Tip Top Weekly* editions of the exploits of Frank and Dick Merriwell, offered to part with same for modest sum of $2,500.

●● In Westwood, bookstore clerk Peter Salm was mistaken for Princeton student of same name who is heir to oil millions. The two Salms met, laughed over confusion of the press, and went on a gay whirl of Hollywood hot spots. Bookseller Salm's lovely new wife, just arrived from Bavaria, provided the glamor. Book business being what it is, heir Salm paid the checks.

●● In Chicago, Marshall Field appointed popular Emmett Dedmon new literary editor of the *Sun*, but for the time being, Dedmon will have no separate book section to worry over. Decision to publish *Sun* in tabloid size reduces available space, and book reviews will be cut down to two pages in Sunday edition plus a possible single-column daily. Sharp cut in publishers' advertising budgets leaves future clouded for several other out-of-New York book sections inaugurated during wartime boom.

●● In Havana, Ernest Hemingway, who has been working on his new novel for five years, disclosed he has at least another eight months to go.

●● In New York, Alfred Knopf contracted to publish Donald Friede's "It Wasn't Much Fun." It was at Knopf's that Friede, now a successful Hollywood agent, began his literary career —wrapping books in the shipping room.

●● In Washington, a customer entered bookshop in quest of that grim story of a Nazi extermination camp, "Smoke Over Birkenau," admitted she could not recall title of book, but added hopefully, "I do know the name of the author. It's SEWERYNA SZMAGLEWSKA."

●● In Hollywood, MGM planned a film version of the life stories of the late Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, starring Gene Kelly and June Allyson. Miss Allyson, presumably, will play Ruby. She has the proper curves! Producer Jack Cummings should know plenty about the vagaries of song writers. He's married to Betty Kern, daughter of one of the greatest of them all.

●● In New York, according to *Tide*, the promotion department of McCall's got sore at poor reproduction which one of the magazine's four-color ads got in *Newsweek*, and planned an epic squawk. In nick of time somebody remembered that *Newsweek* is printed in Dayton by the McCall Corporation. That recalls story of famous editor who chided son for skipping English classes. "What will you do," he asked, "if you succeed me as editor, and the magazine starts coming out full of errors?" "The same as you," answered the son promptly. "I'll blame the printers."

●● In Brooklyn, Edward O'Connor, popular salesman for Grosset & Dunlap, endeavored to balk a tavern hold-up, was shot to death by thug, who escaped.

●● In Atlanta, Margaret Mitchell, irked by irresponsible rumors fanned by reissue of film version of "Gone

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"There! I guess that settles the Palestine problem once and for all."

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The story of a bewitching woman who was hostess extraordinary to the great poets of a generation.

A HOUSE IN CHICAGO

By OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

The biography of Harriet Moody, whose house was the center of the literary renascence in Chicago . . . and whose hospitality and friendship were treasured by such glittering figures as Vachel Lindsay, Hart Crane, Padraic Colum, Frost, Sandburg, and many others who made her house in Chicago their second home. *$3.50*

Our dangerous blunders in German re-education

AND CALL IT PEACE

by MARSHALL KNAPPEN

The story behind our abortive attempts to help the Germans develop a peaceful, democratic nation . . . and a suggested program that must be acted upon before it is too late.

To be published November 3, $3.00

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
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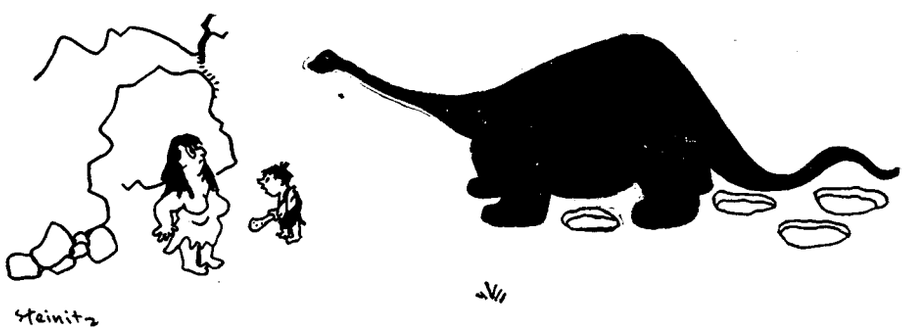
With the Wind," issued this tart denial: "I have never been in a plaster cast and am not at present. I have my same husband and intend to hold onto him. Far from giving away the film rights for a song, I got the highest price ever paid until that time for a first novel by an unknown author. And I did not sell my rights from the galley proofs. Something between 250,000 and 500,000 copies had been sold and a single day's total had run to 50,000."

●● In London, a collector paid a hundred pounds for a copy of Locke's "Essay on Human Understanding" because it carried "marginal annotations by Bernard Shaw." The buyer notified Shaw of his acquisition and received a reply reading, "Those annotations were made by my father-in-law, and in my opinion, your book isn't worth five shillings."

●● In Hollywood, Harry Kurnitz advised the producers of the screen version of "Mourning Becomes Electra" that they'd probably insure bigger grosses by renaming it "Oh Boy, Do I Remember Mama!"

DOUBLEDAY is celebrating its fiftieth year in the publishing business, and Editor McCormick has dug up some history of its modest beginnings in 1897. When F. N. Doubleday resigned from Scribner's to found a firm of his own in partnership with S. S. McClure, he had a signed contract for exactly one book: "Bird Neighbors" by Neltje Blanchan. He had a lot of faith in that book, however, partly because the author was his wife. In 1898, he unearthed Alfred Ollivant's "Bob, Son of Battle," which is still an active seller, and in the following two years, H. G. Wells, Joseph Conrad, and Frank Norris joined the Doubleday colors. . . . Other notable recruits in an amazing array: Rudyard Kipling in 1902, Gene Stratton Porter in 1903, Selma Lagerlöf in 1907, O. Henry in 1909, Booth Tarkington in 1914, Christopher Morley in 1919, Edna Ferber in 1924, and Kenneth Roberts in 1927. . . . When George Doran joined the firm he brought with him Somerset Maugham and Arnold Bennett. The most recent stars include Eve Curie, Daphne Du Maurier, Irving Stone, and Thomas Costain. . . . The moral seems to be that if you can hang on in the publishing business for fifty years, and have the acumen (and organization) of a Doubleday, you simply cannot miss! . . . Doubleday had a stroke of luck in 1941, when it sought to dispose of its printing plant in Garden City. A deal with the Sperry Corporation fell through at the last moment because the space was insufficient to handle Sperry's booming war orders. Six months later, Doubleday was operating the plant itself on three eight-hour shifts, and would not have sold out at any price. Now it is constructing a plant in Hanover, about four times the size of the one at Garden City. . . .



"Can I keep him, Mom? He followed me home."

OLIN CLARKE has come up with the prize "shaggy dog" story of the season. It concerns an eccentric old codger whose pleasure it was to make a household pet of an electric eel. For months he sat enthralled while his pet sent sparks flying around the room, but then a day came when the eel refused to function, and curled up disconsolately in a corner of its tank. The old man diagnosed the malady as loneliness and set about finding his eel a mate.

After a long search, he finally located a female electric eel, and quivering with expectancy, plopped it into his pet's tank. The reaction was immediate, and the room vibrated with so much electricity that a nearby weather bureau began wiring frantically to find out where the bolts of lightning were striking. Just as quickly, however, the male eel ceased generating. It flipped its new mate into a corner of the tank and turned angrily to its owner. "You darn fool," it grumbled, or barked, or whatever an electric eel does, "you know very well that I am AC. *This dame is DC.*"

BENNETT CERF.

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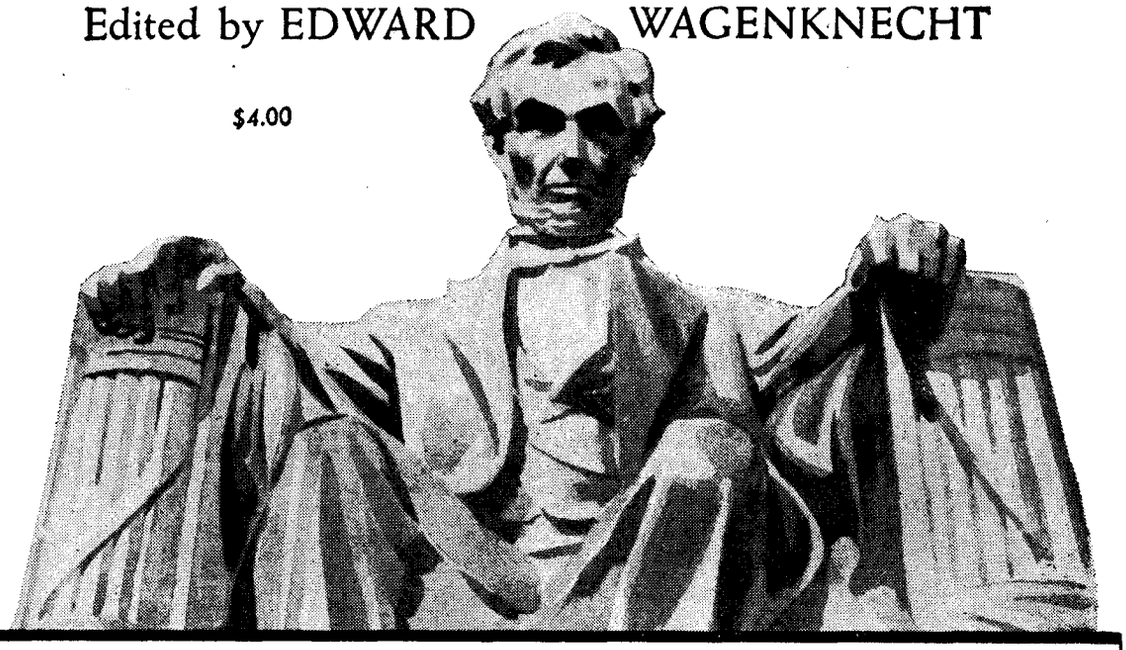

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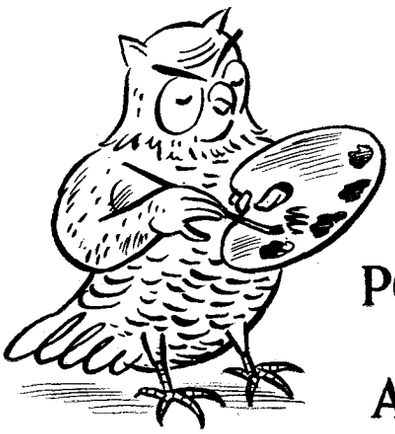

PORTRAIT OF AMERICA

YOUR laundryman may be the "American tourist", or your publisher, or yourself. One may live next door to you. Maybe you spend long winter nights wanting to move to another neighborhood because he has a screen and a projector and you're so tired of looking at scenes from Mount Vernon or Lincoln's birthplace you could scream. Maybe you have your own projector. We do, and way before it became fashionable to "see America first"—so long ago that cars had running boards to which we could strap suitcases —we set out to see it piece by piece. We had a full dose of nostalgia for our own past, and we wanted to walk over that past with our own feet and see it with our own eyes and take pictures of it back home with us to show our friends and neighbors.

One of our first excursions was down the east coast to Florida and over to New Orleans. We came back with candid snaps of graves and hanging moss and, being inexpert with a camera, they looked very much alike. By the time some summers more had rolled by we had improved enough to photograph the boats off Provincetown and the rock at Plymouth so that you knew one must be a rock. After the war we made our grand tour. We thought we were good with a camera now, and one day in Yellowstone there was a bear. Knowing an average of three persons a year who returned from Yellowstone with photographs of bears in which the foreground was conspicuously occupied by the fender of a car, we decided to take a real picture. Looking into our range finder we approached the bear. It was going to be in focus and there was going to be no fender between us. We walked up slowly, looking into the camera. When we had reached what we thought was a reasonable distance we pressed the plunger, straightened up, and looked. The bear was patting the ground five feet ahead with a playful hundred pound paw. No fender ever looked quite so good as the one we got in back of.

We will probably continue to take pictures. And show them to our friends. We have found that people can take a lot of tourist lore with a fair grace if we make sure they have comfortable chairs and ice in their glasses. But time has taught us that the postcard people usually get there fustest with the mostest, including bears.

Time has taught us also that there are great reaches in our hearts that need a satisfaction neither postcards nor our own pictures can supply. Some people lightly call it nationalism, but we don't think that's a real way to say it. There are things we're proud of, and people. These are the people today who are not different from us except that they are doing important things in America, things that we uphold in an unspectacular way along with 143 million other people. Many of them are in a book called AMERICAN PORTRAITS, which we published not quite a year ago. There are sixty-eight drawings with accompanying short sketches, and they are about men and women living today, from President Truman to David Lilienthal to Katherine Cornell to Paul Robeson to Thomas Hart Benton to Eleanor Roosevelt. Dorothy Canfield Fisher did the short biographies and Enit Kaufman did the sketches. Mrs. Kaufman, European by birth but American by choice, has done a very needed job and one that has brought us closer to many people we'd only heard or read about, or seen. She has been a fine tourist of our time, and her sixty-eight drawings add up to a picture we can't begin to challenge after lo! the years of two weeks vacation with camera.

In a still more intimate way two other people have recently brought us close to a place in America—and a person—in a picture book called FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT'S HYDE PARK. It's a slim, packed, paper-covered volume full of this place that was so close to the President's heart. We went there last summer, camera in hand, along with thousands of people. We took a few snaps outdoors, but we couldn't duplicate the detail and accuracy of Lili Réthi's pencil drawings. Untroubled by our problems of light and shade she drew the grounds as they were, in the season she wished us to see them, the chapel, the grave, the doorway to the house itself, the view over the Hudson. She was in all the rooms and she drew them as they are: the ship collection, the view from Roosevelt's bedroom, his study, and much more. Frederick Rath, Jr., the Historian at the Roosevelt house at Hyde Park, has quoted the things people said as short captions for the pictures themselves. Facing the picture of the room in which Roosevelt was born are these words of Sara Delano Roosevelt:

> . . . I am old-fashioned enough to think it's nicer for a baby to be born in his own home. I've passed the door of that sunny, upstairs room many hundreds of times in my long life and, oh! so often I've remembered that there my son first saw the light of day.

Sometimes the words are those of FDR, sometimes of his wife, sometimes of a friend. All have a warmth and immediacy about them that you find only in the casual things people have to say to each other.

This is no doorstep volume to awe the unexpected guest with its price and weight, but a book for the thousands of persons who have been or would like to go to Hyde Park. It's for tourists like us, for people who want to see America.

AMERICAN PORTRAITS
Pictures by Enit Kaufman
Text by Dorothy Canfield Fisher
$3.75

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FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT'S HYDE PARK
by Lili Réthi and Frederick L. Rath, Jr.
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The Saturday Review of Literature

Newspapers and the Bomb

BY 9 NIEMAN FELLOWS

Editor's Note: Last week *SRL* published the first of a series of preview chapters from the forthcoming Macmillan book "Your Newspaper," on which nine Nieman Fellows collaborated. The second appears below. Authors are James Batal, former owner of the *Cleghorn Courier,* Fitchburg, Mass.; Charlotte Fitz Henry, journalism lecturer at Drake University; Arthur Hepner, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* labor and economics reporter; Frank Hewlett, who was UP Far East war correspondent; Frank Kelly, fiction writer; Mary Ellen Leary, political editor, *San Francisco News;* Cary Robertson, Sunday editor, *Louisville Courier-Journal;* Ben Yablonsky, *PM* writer and NYU journalism instructor, and Leon Svirsky, associate editor of *Time* who edited the work.

ONE NIGHT in May 1940 William L. Laurence, science reporter of *The New York Times,* had a heavy argument with the paper's news editors. Laurence had come across a physicists' report about something called "fission," having to do with the splitting of atoms of uranium. He thought it was quite a story, and wanted a lot of space to tell it in. The editors thought it was all rather academic, certainly not worth the seven columns Laurence demanded. But *Times* editors have long been trained to be respectful towards science (and Laurence) and he finally won his extravagant demand.

At the rival *Herald Tribune,* the science reporter John O'Neill had had less luck; his editors rejected his story on the same subject.

In August 1945 the press suddenly became very interested, indeed, in the atom. But it cannot be said that its interest has contributed very much to general enlightenment. With few exceptions, newspapers fumbled the atom badly. They were unprepared, for the most part, to satisfy the immense public curiosity aroused by the bomb. A measure of the newspapers' failure is the fact that all over the country, clubs and groups of people, failing to find adequate explanations in the papers, besought scientists and even pseudo-experts to come and explain to them the elementary facts about atoms and the bomb.

Nor can it be said that newspapers were helpful in guidance of what to do about the bomb. Most people clung to a blind belief that the scientists would somehow find a defense against it, in spite of the scientists' attempts (ill-supported by the press) to assure them to the contrary. The press nudged false hope along by printing silly little stories like the one that Bing Crosby's brother had discovered a way to stop the bomb. And newspapers, particularly Hearst's, have done much to foster the illusion of safety in secrecy—"We must not give away the secret!" The press could have rendered the American people a great service by killing this idiotic notion, which has obsessed and bedeviled Congress's entire approach to the problem. It has been clear to scientists all along, and they said it again and again, that the bomb could not long remain a secret; insistence on retaining exclusive possession of the secret (and continued manufacture of the bombs) could have only one result; to stimulate other countries to arm themselves with atomic weapons of their own.

Of matters scientific, the American people are appallingly ignorant. The press is not entirely to blame for this. (Incredible as it may seem, in view of all the press and radio attention to the Bikini bomb tests, a 1946 poll showed that twenty per cent of the people had never heard of the events at Bikini.) Our schools have done a poor job of interesting people in science or equipping them with basic knowledge in it. This lays a great handicap on newspapers; readers do not have enough elementary scientific knowledge to understand scientific news. Lacking such knowledge, they tend to look upon science as black magic, and to misunderstand its aims, methods, and accomplishments.

A large portion of the press still has to be convinced that science deserves much of its attention. When we asked a publisher in a moderate-sized city how his paper covered scientific news, he replied:

"Well, we often get a university professor to do a science story for us or a story on some particular economic matter or something of that sort. We have no regular member of the staff who does science coverage."

Question: "Are you thinking about it?"

Answer: "I hadn't been. very much. I can't conceive what kind of science we could have that would be interesting to the average newspaper reader."

This comment is not typical; in fact, the editor who made it publishes rather better-than-average science news, since his paper subscribes to *The New York Times* news service.

Nevertheless, many editors are beginning to realize that they could, and probably should, do a much better job of reporting science.

In a world in which the people

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are increasingly called upon to legislate on atomic energy, on public health and medical care, on support of scientific research, they must be informed about at least the basic facts and significance of scientific work. The newspapers are probably the most important agency for such information. They can spread error or truth; they set the pattern and the pace. They are, in a sense, already "educating" the public about science—via patent medicine ads, astrology columns and fifty-seven varieties of Sunday supplement pap.

If the Bikini bomb tests were intended to contribute to public enlightenment, the press certainly muffed the ball. Hundreds of reporters covered the event, but most of them seemed to have no idea of what had happened, except that there was a big, beautiful explosion. The failure of their stories to agree, or to present an informative account, is understandable, since some of the reporters, to make sure of meeting deadlines, wrote their stories before the explosions actually took place. After the big flash, newspapers quickly lost interest; few bothered to follow up to find out what, if any, scientific findings developed from the test.

LIKE atomic energy, radar dazzled, mystified, and then soon wearied the press. After their first dramatic descriptions of radar's accomplishments as a military weapon, the papers dropped it, and radar's application to improving the safety of commercial aviation, due to lack of public drive, was delayed.

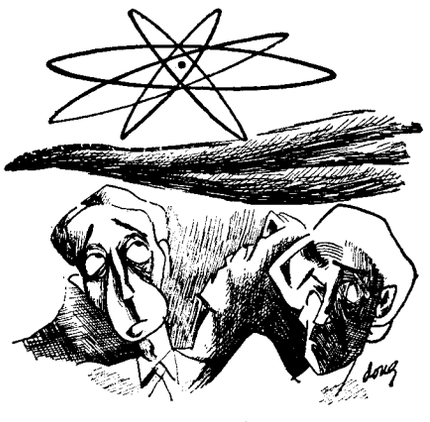
Biological warfare is another item in the journalistic gallery of black magic—a vague, formless fear that newspapers discuss without any real understanding. Typical of their ignorance and gullibility was a story they bought in 1946. The London *Daily Express* excitedly reported that United States bacteriologists had developed a "germ weapon" consisting of infantile paralysis virus. The story was absurd on its face; if bacteriologists had actually discovered how polio may be spread, it would have been tremendous medical news, a great step towards prevention of the disease. But the Associated Press solemnly picked up the story, and American editors gave it wide circulation. The AP, however, should not be singled out for special criticism; at least it employs two special science reporters. The United Press, somewhat less reliable in this field, does not hesitate to put out a story announcing watermelon seeds as a "cure" for pernicious anemia.

Scientists gloomily complain that the press distorts their work; science coverage consists mainly of sensations, "cures," and "miracles." At a 1946 Boston meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, about the only thing the Boston *Post* found worth reporting (with a huge page 1 headline) was a new permanent wave process for women's hair (and not very new, at that). The prize for the most typical science story headline of 1946 might perhaps have been awarded to this one in the *Chicago Daily News:*

NEW MOUTH WASH PRAISED
END OF TOOTH DECAY FORESEEN

The story was not quite as bad as the headline; it did mention in passing that the Chicago dentist who had concocted this wonderful mouth wash conceded that it "does not completely stop decay," and that diet was important, too.

The notion that a mouth wash may solve our dental and social problems admittedly is attractive (it makes a lot of money for mouth wash manufacturers and advertising men), but even a headline writer ought to retain a decent amount of skepticism. Newspapers are far too uncritical of what comes to them in the name of science. There are errors and phonies to watch for in science as in other fields. To be sure, a newspaper is in no position to make an expert judgment of a scientist's evidence, but the least it can do is to interview other authorities in the field before publishing a doubtful story. A scientific event, like a political one, always has a history and background which needs to be consulted to give the story meaning.



One of the chief reasons for the newspapers' poor reporting of science is that most of them lack reporters trained in science. Dr. Edwin Cohn, who directed Harvard's famous research on blood components during the war, told us: "You can't expect to get sound science reporting as long as the press will use a reporter who is not trained in that field. Publishers take the easy way, covering science at a personality level."

WE don't agree with Dr. Cohn's objection to personalities; scientists are interesting and important as people, and reporting science in terms of people helps to enliven an otherwise cold subject. But there is no question but that a reporter who undertakes to cover science ought to know something about it. The newspapers' failure to use trained science reporters is partly due to a theory that what an ordinary reporter does not understand, readers would not understand, either. It is an erroneous theory. The British are far ahead of us in popularization of science, principally because some of their greatest scientists have gone in for popular writing; men like Eddington and Jeans have written about difficult scientific ideas so clearly and fascinatingly that they are read with enjoyment by laymen all over the world. In the United States, books by scientists who can write, like George Gamow's "Mr. Tompkins Explores the Atom" and Selig Hecht's "Expanding the Atom," have been widely read, and *Life* magazine, using scientifically trained writers, has done a beautiful, pioneering job in graphic explanation of serious science.

It is hard to understand why newspapers don't use more charts, drawings, photographs, pictographs, and

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"Great is Journalism. Is not every able Editor a Ruler of the World, being a persuader of it?—*Carlyle.*

"In America the President reigns for four years, and Journalism governs for ever and ever."—*Oscar Wilde.*

"Perhaps an editor might . . . divide his paper into four chapters, heading the first, Truths; 2d, Probabilities; 3d, Possibilities; 4, Lies."—*Thomas Jefferson.*

"The press is like the air, a chartered libertine."—*William Pitt.*

"To give me information is thy office."—*Euripides.*

"Three hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets."—*Napoleon.*

"If you would not be forgotten, as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth reading, or do things worth writing."—*Franklin.*

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The World.

It was a brilliant stroke of the imagination to contrast Gandhi and Stalin, as Louis Fischer has done in his new book. We read recently a dispatch from one of Gandhi's prayer meetings which spoke of the tired, whispering voice of the seventy-seven-year-old apostle of peace. His voice comes rasping painfully from his toothless mouth: he mourns, he pleads, he scolds; he speaks only briefly, for he is soon tired—but his voice reaches the far corners of India. This is Fischer's Gandhi, philosophical symbol of democracy. . . . As background reading, Edmond Taylor's "Richer By Asia" provides a thoughtful analysis of Eastern mentality; and Robert Payne's "Revolt of Asia" surveys the political situation in Gandhi's Orient. As for Stalin's Soviet, we recommend John Fischer's "Why They Behave Like Russians," and Christopher Norborg's "Operation Moscow."

At the Crossroads

GANDHI AND STALIN. By Louis Fischer. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 183 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by BROOKS ATKINSON

AN OLD hand at the Russian problem, Louis Fischer has written a compact, dogmatic book that states the facts, analyzes them soundly and sets down a program. He calls it "Gandhi and Stalin." To him these men are "two signs at the crossroads of the world"—the one being the symbol of democracy, the other the symbol of totalitarianism.

Gandhi, keeper of the world's conscience, represents the moral leader who places the individual first in his category of values. Saint and humanitarian, Gandhi has acquired great public influence by virtue of spiritual perceptions. At the opposite pole Mr. Fischer places Stalin—the most powerful man in the world today, master of individuals, champion of the infamous doctrine that the end justifies the means.

Although Mr. Fischer loves and admires Gandhi, he refrains from proposing Gandhi as leader of the anti-totalitarian world. For Gandhi is a mystic in a world of bitter realities; his influence is strongest in the part of the world that has nurtured mysticism. Without withholding admiration of Gandhi as a person, it is impossible at the moment to forget that he is the spiritual leader of a nation that has succumbed to a bloody and fanatical religious massacre. Wisdom and personal example do not solve the problems of the world. In nineteen hundred years the wisdom and personal example of Jesus have not brought the world much nearer to the millennium.

Whether we like it or not, the technique of solving the problems of the world is political, and the great and progressive leader has to be a man not only of faith but also of action. Although Abraham Lincoln has been dead for more than eighty years, his influence is still more potent in the West than Gandhi's. Lincoln, too, was a religious man, full of personal humility and love of human beings, but he was a man of action when the crucial moment came. He made practicable decisions in democratic fashion.

To me Gandhi is not a very stimulating figure to set opposite Stalin. As Mr. Fischer points out, Stalin would automatically liquidate Gandhi if India fell under Soviet domination, although the British, with their Anglo-Saxon traditions of individual rights, always treated Gandhi with a kind of bumbling and embarrassed personal respect. Whatever its shortcomings may be, Western imperialism does not shoot individual dissenters except by military methods and under military authority, as in Palestine and Indonesia. This is a peculiar world, and we attach a certain moral authority to the custom of defending the *status quo antebellum* by putting well-equipped troops in the field and regarding dissent as rebellion.

Most of "Gandhi and Stalin" is concerned with Stalin, the sources of his power, Mr. Fischer's proposals for avoiding war with Russia and establishing an international democratic government. These are subjects of which Mr. Fischer is master. For fourteen years he observed at first hand the development of Stalinism, which has debased the idealism that was at least latent in the communism of Lenin and which has now produced an aggressive tyrant inside and outside Russia.

Although Mr. Fischer is a political realist he does not for a moment forget that the ultimate test of a political system is its ability to preserve and enrich the lives of individuals:

> The character of a government [he says] is determined not by its treatment of inanimate property but by its treatment of living people. A social system might free land from private ownership and put serfs on free land. It might liberate factories from capitalist possession and enslave workers in those factories.

That is what has happened, perhaps not maliciously, but through the natural responses of Stalin's cold mind to bewildering circumstances.

THE AUTHOR: "I don't think we can get along with Russia, but I don't think there will be a war," says Louis Fischer, to whom outbursts like Vishinsky's are old hat. He spent fourteen years as *The Nation's* Soviet correspondent and understands the language—literally. The constant tension in Russia "drives the people crazy," he says. "But they build up an immunity to speeches, or a resistance." "Gandhi and Stalin" is Mr. Fischer's twelfth book, written in response to constant questioning while touring the United States. In 1925, after three years in the USSR, he started his first, "Oil Imperialism." Next came "The Soviets in World Affairs," two volumes published in 1930, still widely used as an English and American textbook. Litvinov wouldn't be without it, he told Mr. Fischer. The author, however, has hunted in vain for any remnants of the edition for himself. Other works include "Why Recognize Russia?," "Machines and Men in Russia," "Soviet Journey," "The War in Spain" (he was the first American to enlist in the International Brigade,") "Men and Politics" (an autobiography), "Dawn of Victory," "A Week with Gandhi," "Empire," and "The Great Challenge." His first foreign correspondence, in 1921, was for *The New York Evening Post*, in Germany. In twenty-six years he has also had roving assignments in England, France, Austria, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Syria, India, and Palestine. He was born in Philadelphia, but quit teaching there to study economics and the world cooperative movement. Markoosha Fischer, the Russian writer, is his wife; their son, George, is a Harvard graduate student. Mr. Fischer, who expresses a love for dancing and poker, is imposing, dark, and vital. Gandhi cites his talent for "creative listening." Stalin's opinion of Mr. Fischer has never been publicly stated, but is probably no mystery.

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He knew no other way to organize and control a backward country; one execution has led to two and thousands, and one act of force has led to complete tyranny. Logic had led Stalin step by step backward into the despotic tradition of Peter the Great, Ivan the Terrible, and Catherine the Great. Ivan is now an official national hero; he is portrayed as a hard man who was nevertheless good for Russia—a point of view that rationalizes Stalin's brutality.

Mr. Fischer points out that Stalin, like Mussolini and Hitler, has become a nationalist, although the original Bolsheviks were internationalists. For Stalin can rule only in a state of unending crisis; and the crisis that apparently produces the most work in field and factory and the most abnegation of personal well-being is the specter of military menace from the outside world. Despite its knowledge of economic and political theory Stalin's mind is intuitively nationalistic. It is also abnormally suspicious, and the illusion of military aggression from outside satisfies an old habit of thought familiar to Stalin at home.

Given the alignment of post-war forces, with the great powers of the world cultivating cooperation with Russia, a more normal mind than Stalin's might have found some way to implement the peace. But that is only a wistful reflection now. Whatever the reason, Stalin has most of the world against him. The tiresome iteration of Soviet propaganda (mainly a technique, although it sounds like passion) has produced the situation it started to portray after the Foreign Ministers' Council in London two years ago. Soviet propaganda improves on the physical world by the genius it has for eating its cake and having it, too.

The most interesting fact about Mr. Fischer's book is that he has made up his mind. He does not believe that cooperation with Rusia is possible, and he favors an official acceptance of the fact that two worlds exist already. Since the democratic world negates the bases of Stalinism it is illogical, he says, to expect the Soviets to make agreements that strengthen and widen democracy. By monopolizing power, dictatorships exclude the possibility of compromise.

> At the United Nations and in other conferences, the Soviet representatives now insist on "national sovereignty" [he declares]. Hence their objection to the American scheme for the control of the atomic bomb and to international cooperation with a view to the economic revival of Europe. Hence, too, Moscow's objection to the abolition of the veto in the United Nations

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How Many "Slaves"?

FORCED LABOR IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By David J. Dallin and Boris I. Nicolaevsky. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1947. 331 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HENRY SHAPIRO

AT THE turn of the last century, George Kennan, a distinguished American journalist and traveler, wrote "Siberia and Exile," which soon after became the classic work on the subject. It was the first and probably the last authentic field study of the shocking Russian penal system with its institutions of exile and forced labor, by an objective American student, based on personal observation and research. Unfortunately, Kennan's work cannot be duplicated today. There is a rich literature in this country on the Soviet penal system,

based largely on secondary sources. There is also no dearth of "inside" stories and "exposés" of Soviet prison camps, compounded of truth, half-truth, rumor, and pure fiction. As long as the Soviet authorities retain their present public relations policy and give no opportunity to impartial American scholars, without an axe to grind, to do a proper study of the subject, the public will inevitably be fed with all sorts of reports, some more fanciful than others, and all equally reliable or untrustworthy depending on the reputation of the author and the prejudices of the reader.

Such books are all of a pattern. The story under review, by David Dallin and Boris Nicolaevsky, reaches the same conclusion: that forced labor is an essential institution of the Soviet regime and its victims are numbered in the millions. In the absence of any reliable studies to the contrary, the Dallin-Nicolaevsky book with all its apparent learning and documentation is likely to become the standard reference work on the subject until, at least, another George Kennan shows up. Both its authors are distinguished Russian social-democratic emigrés who left their country early after the revolution, and are sworn enemies of communism, have been battling it ever since. They have apparently read all there is on the subject, in all languages, but have never returned to their homeland. They have supplemented the usual sources with learned references to numerous emigré publications, statements of Polish former inmates of Soviet labor camps, reports of several deserters from the Red Army and even one or two official Nazi reports. Mr. Dallin, who wrote most of the book, reaches the conclusion that communism . . . enforces a reality of unlimited coercion, serfdom, slavery, and penal servitude." He lists more than one hundred labor camps with an estimated population of fifteen, twenty, thirty million inmates. The ignorance on the subject, the carelessness and the irresponsibility with which people juggle figures to suit their taste, are illustrated in the author's statement: "nor is the average citizen well informed about the labor camps and the system of exile." This is followed a few pages later by the claim of a former Russian colonel that "the population is well aware of forced labor and 'corrective' camps." A few chapters below, another army deserter is quoted as saying, "By the end of 1943 not only the common people in Siberia, but even the administration mentioned the figure of twenty-four millions in the camps in addition to the prison population." The total population of Siberia is below this figure, but this need cause no astonishment when coming from a member of a highly imaginative race that produced a Dostoievski and Tolstoy. Other sources go as far as asserting that in 1937 forty million people were detained in Russia.

Mr. Dallin himself, after giving all these figures, tells us his own estimate —seven to twelve millions. Such estimate, he claims, coincides with the reports of "a multitude of German economic and other missions which (following the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact) visited Moscow and traveled through Russia." He attaches great credibility to these German reports although the war proved how accurate German intelligence was. And, of course, he rejects the estimate of the scholarly Professor Frederick Schumann of Williams College whose filing system is probably as good as that of any American student of Soviet affairs and who has access to the same sources available to all. According to Dr. Schumann, there probably are 200,000 prisoners with long-term sentences in the Soviet Union—which would be proportionate to the same

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figure in the United States—and a comparable number of political prisoners. Now Professor Schumann may err on the side of conservatism, but his guess is no worse than anybody's.

To me, Mr. Dallin's figures seem utterly unrealistic. Is it possible for the Soviet government to raise some twenty-five million men for the armed services, to lose millions in famine, to suffer some twenty million military and civilian casualties in the war, to man its enormous agricultural and industrial machines, and have plenty to spare to keep so many more millions, mostly adult males, behind barbed wire? Where does this "inexhaustible" supply of men come from? Even given Bolshevik tempo, the period of gestation in the Soviet Union still lasts nine months and it still requires eighteen years to reach adulthood. If we are to believe some of Mr. Dallin's informants, prisoners die like flies "by the hundreds of thousands and millions" in Soviet penal camps. Yet, his number remains static—seven to twelve millions. He originally made that estimate in 1944 and he thinks it is still accurate.

It is highly regrettable, in so serious a study and so deadly an indictment of the Soviet Union as the book purports to be, that a rather large number of unnecessary inaccuracies should have occurred which, of course, may affect the credibility of the whole thesis. What, for instance, is one to believe of a book written by two scholarly gentlemen, under the Yale imprimatur, who say that prisoners who complete their terms are seldom freed and elsewhere report that 55,000 prisoners were amnestied after the completion of the Moscow-Volga canal? It is equally incomprehensible why the authors refer to the notorious decree of April 7, 1936, which placed minors over twelve under the jurisdiction of the criminal courts and subjected them to the ordinary penalties. On the basis of such legislation, they state, "How many children were executed under this decree remains a secret." Is it possible that the authors are not aware of article 22 of the criminal code which expressly enjoins the application of the death penalty to children under eighteen? This was the law of the land until a few months ago when capital punishment was abolished altogether.

There is much in the Dallin-Nicolaevsky book that one could accept if it lacked the inaccuracies above mentioned and the sources were better established. However, to anyone not thoroughly familiar with the subject, the book is highly plausible and will doubtless for long be the last word on forced labor in Russia.

Belles Lettres.

What has happened to our poetry? Has it become altogether a coterie art, written by poets for other poets only? Or are the efforts of Karl Shapiro, Robert Lowell, Auden, C. Day Lewis, turning poetry back to the simplicity of the renaissance of 1912-1916, which made a cult of direct speech? Some have strayed far from that ideal. Stegner's tribute to Robert Frost below honors a great American poet who in that time spoke simply and to the multitude. Soon now we may see once more a poetry of direct speech and wide appeal. For our more obscure poets of today we recommend a reading of C. Day Lewis's "Poetry for You," written for children—but aren't children often the best judges of the cogent use of words? What is good poetry? "You tell it by the words," answered the child quoted below.

Verse Untangled

POETRY FOR YOU. By C. Day Lewis. New York: Oxford University Press. 1947. 122 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARTHA BACON

C. DAY LEWIS has done the cause of literature a real service in bringing out this study of the art of poetry. Although "Poetry for You" is written for young people and uses a tone of gentle authority and an argument readily understandable to a child, Mr. Lewis has, it appears to me, done more than to write a mere treatise for children. In the course of stating the case to people who have had as yet little contact with literature he has written a most single-minded account of the causes, means, and purposes of poetry. In avoiding every ambiguous idea, every stock phrase, every elaborate cliché of the critic he has managed to put highly complicated ideas into fresh and simple language and has clarified a number of issues for the adult reader as well as for the child. He shines especially in his choice of examples to prove his points. Children, like everybody else, respond to instances rather than to accounts. In a passage toward the end of the book in which he gives the children a lesson in evaluation he chooses between two poems, a sheep and a goat, and explains which one is the goat and why. The poems which he has set up as foils to each other are a Lancashire folk-song and a sentimental effusion by Richard Middleton, and the two poems set off each other's virtues and vices so admirably that I was moved to try a test case to prove Mr. Lewis in the right. I gave the two poems to a young neighbor just entering the fourth grade. When I showed her the poems, she was reluctant and said that they didn't have poetry in the fourth grade. I urged her and she read them through carefully and then unerringly chose the Lancashire ballad—

I thought a bit
I thought a bit,
I said I didn't mind.

"That's wonderful," she said. "The other one I didn't care for."

After finishing "Poetry For You," she commented as follows: "I didn't know what poetry was, but I know how to tell it now. You tell it by the words."

Teachers in secondary schools should find this book of great value in fostering an appreciation of poetry among their students, and although the book is designed for the pre-college age I believe it could be of assistance to instructors and professors. It cuts no corners and each problem in connection with every kind of verse is discussed simply and seriously. I like the spirit in which the author meets the challenge of the Machine Age and the answer he brings to the materialist's question in the paragraph entitled, "To make the world your friend." This book, incidentally, is easy to refer to, being divided into explicitly titled chapters with paragraph headings which are even more explicit.

In summing up I should like to say that if I were a teacher of English

C. Day Lewis "really talks lucidly of poetry," putting "highly complicated ideas into fresh and simple language."

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I would have this book on hand, and I am convinced that the principles upon which Mr. Lewis builds his thesis are excellent. He really talks lucidly of poetry, an almost impossible feat for a poet.

Martha Bacon, author of "Things Visible and Invisible," is a poet with a number of books to her credit.

Tu Fu's Kin

AN INTRODUCTION TO EMILY DICKINSON. By Henry Wells. Chicago: Packard & Co. 1947. 286 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

PROFESSOR WELLS has written a fine study of a great poet. Once again and for the time being the clichés that gather from bone laziness, rigidity, and illiteracy are dispersed. Although much in this book repeats of necessity what has been said before, the reader will find new insights and unaccustomed juxtapositions. Mr. Wells has set himself to show that the important qualities in Emily Dickinson's poetry transcend one-dimensional understanding. (Strangely enough, this has had to be proven to scholars.) His method is a combination of detailed comment on the verse itself, together with judgments drawn from a study of world literature. Searching to find her kin everywhere and anywhere in other cultures, he mentions Tu Fu and Li Po, Angelus Silesius, Meleager and Martial. Also a number of contemporaries where kinship is less impressive. "It is essential that we should see her today beside her peers, whom she truly resembles whether in mysticism or stoicism, instead of envisaging her in the parochial society of her New England Village."

This study suggests a new estimate to be gained from a new angle of vision. The book has a breadth and a liberality, forestalling the possessive spirit. Its claims for Emily Dickinson both as artist and as extraordinary master of the inner life, will seem to the cautious and the dry somewhat excessive; and certain of the younger critics will analyze and dismiss. I like it very much.

"The significance of Emily Dickinson lies in the fact that her kinship is closer to all great poets than it is to any contemporary," says Mr. Wells in the early part of this book. Thereafter he pursues the ramifications of this statement through 286 detailed and at times somewhat overwritten pages. This position comes as a sharp contrast with Professor Whicher's fine and accurate "This Was a Poet" published in 1939. Professor Wells writes resolutely, "Professor George F. Whicher, my old teacher, has with much skill placed Emily in her local setting; with what I feel sure is his cordial approval, my own aim is to take her out of it."

Mr. Whicher's book was needed after a long period of confusion largely the result of Madame Bianchi's failure to clarify the poet's life and writings. His book succeeds, not fully, but in many important ways—it has the sobriety the poet herself possessed and the regard for fact that marks her work from beginning to end. Put in his scrupulous study, the tone and meaning of the dazzling verse are often lost. Audacity is required of those who handle Protean materials. In contemplating Emily Dickinson it is necessary to include her power to astonish. Mr. Whicher's book has always been felt to be inadequate, unsatisfactory.

> Whereas a number of women—including Martha Graham, in her notable "Letter to the World" have stressed Emily's love affairs, scholarship in masculine hands has begun where it frequently ends with the timid effort to place Emily against her puritan and provincial background. It is difficult to say whether this has been more to labor the obvious or to conceal the truth . . .

Mr. Wells sees a dancing and paradoxical significance in Emily Dickinson's relationship to her New England, which is in my opinion near the hard-to-catch truth, an improvement on the static picture. I am thinking of passages in Blackmur, Tate, Winters, Bernard de Voto, and others as I write. Always present in Emily Dickinson's next poem, if not in her last, is a tone of calm obdurate but lilting ease in the state of being human; and this persists still in the quiet places of the six states. Irascibility, excitability, eccentricity have been packaged and marketed as quaintness, because they are a lesser quality, within comprehension, and in demand . . . is it not strange that what is sold in gift shops corresponds somewhat to the cultured conclusions of those who assume they know after some reading in misshapen books?

The metabolism of poets is a long matter. Are not poets often the direct opposite of the soil they grow in? Or as a friend used to remark. "The great poets of England from Chaucer and Shakespeare on down. are the anti-body in the blood stream of British dulness." Emily Dickinson being a creature of the creative will, sums it up, making it a short matter:

> On the bleakness of my lot
> Bloom I strove to raise.

No two writers on Emily Dickinson are ever likely to agree in every point. I find it necessary to make queries of disagreement on the margins of a few of these pages. Under matters of fact I disagree about Mrs. Todd being a close friend of Emily Dickinson. Under matters of emphasis, I disagree with calling Edward Dickinson "Calvinist and Capitalist." although he was both,—but in a minor way and without capitals. I feel that talk of Puritanism even in this book gets somewhat snarled and I would point out that there were many Unitarians and Nothingarians in Massachusetts in 1820, ten years before the poet was born; in every town many less avid minds were saturated with the new doctrines. I find it hard also to agree with some of the terminology in this book. The word mysticism and the word universal have popular meanings that lead to vague understanding and vaguer misunderstandings. Emily Dickinson is concise in the effects of

This Frosted Leaf

By Marguerite Janvrin Adams

WHAT intricacy of pattern is this wrought upon the green,
spiraled vein, delicate, unproved, dedicate to frost,
locked in a wraithlike orbit, to the world lost,
to errant summer, to all that once had been?

How strangely comparable to the mind's elusive season:
impressionable wax molded in arabesques
that memory shapes, scalpel that dissects
the craven heartbeat, and the stubborn reason.

This frosted leaf crisp under ice and snow
adheres defiantly to accustomed pleasure
of bending twig, is palpitant to the measure
of metronome that heart and foliage know.

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a poem. These two words tend to give her a system and take away her conciseness. The words will do here, but we should find better ones.

This introduction abounds with discriminating comment. No one has given such careful study to so many poems. The book on the whole brings us away from the crankiness of the critic-in-exile, to the largest realities concerning Emily Dickinson's powers. Mr. Wells is not so startling as sane and true in his estimate; but so startling and so unfashionable is a broad and major outline in critical writing today that I feel this book will wear and come through several fashions ahead, still well conned.

The poet who lived for a time in a vacuum of no time, the austere place of her own genius, and then during the past ten years penned close in a perfectly obvious pigeon hole which she knew in life to be "unreal," has been convincingly related by Professor Wells to the highest things in human society.

Genevieve Taggard, poetess, critic, anthologist, and biographer, wrote "Collected Poems," "Long View," and "Falcon."

15 Years' Frostana

THE INTERVALS OF ROBERT FROST. By Louis and Esther Mertins. Berkeley, Calif.: The University of California Press. 1947. 91 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WALLACE STEGNER

THE BASIS of this "biographical bibliography" is the collection of books, manuscripts, magazines, and miscellaneous Frostana which Louis Mertins has been collecting over a period of fifteen years, and which will eventually be turned over to the library of the University of California. The collection, an extensive one, is enriched by the poet's own annotations on almost every item, and from these annotations Mr. and Mrs. Mertins have been able to make a fairly consecutive record of Frost's creative life through the seven "intervals" of his career.

The record is the more valuable because Frost wrote dozens and dozens of poems over many years before David Nutt and Company of London brought out his first volume, and the origins and background of many of them are obscure. Throughout a long and productive lifetime, moreover, Frost has consistently held back poems from publication, holding some of them for fifteen or twenty years, to publish them at last mixed in with poems of much later composition. Both of these circumstances have made individual dating difficult.

Any information about the intimate intellectual life of a great poet is automatically interesting. This little book gives us something of the man behind the poems and something of the life and country out of which individual poems came, and will therefore have a permanent value for the study of one of our few permanent poets.

Fixed Star

HORACE: A BIOGRAPHY. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1947. 182 *pp.* $3.

HORACE: A PORTRAIT. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1947. 292 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by
EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS has been read and written of for nearly two thousand years now in almost as many languages as are spoken in the civilized world. Yet neither his poetry nor his personality nor his fame grows stale. He himself in his time dealt with what is often superciliously called the *déjà connu*. His subjects and his moral ideas were not new; the poetic forms he employed were traditional. In his classic day he was a neo-classic; that is to say, he derived inspiration and form from philosophers and poets of a remote past. His literary ancestry and the longer line of his progeny extend from the eighth century B.C. into our time. They form a constellation that men-of-letters and moralists have steered by for close to three thousand years. Alfred Noyes and Henry Dwight Sedgwick, men of ripe years and experience, recommend Horace as a fixed star of the first magnitude for our troubled times. Their commentaries on Horace, the most recent in two millennia, are rich, warm, scholarly, humane. They are enthusiastically recommended to the freemasonry of Horatians and to all who seek initiation into it.

Neither Mr. Sedgwick nor Mr. Noyes is a professional scholar; yet both are learned in Horace in the deepest and happiest way. They are *amateurs* of Horace in the best sense of that word. Love of his poetry and personality have led them in their learning far; and professional scholars, I believe, cannot say that this affection has led them far astray. Mr. Noyes has an advantage over many scholars and scholiasts of Horace in being an authentic poet. Mr. Sedgwick has an advantage over many in being in the very best sense of the word a man-of-the-world. It is not slurring the professional scholar and his special responsibilities to speak of these advantages. Read the beautiful essay on Horace of W. Y. Sellar, wholly free of pedantry and full of grace and light and insight, and no odious comparisons can be made between the scholar and the scholarly amateur. With Sellar's essay and E. C Wickham's prose translation of Horace at hand, the reader of Messrs. Noyes and Sedgwick can sit down to a feast on the banks of the Digentia and make fast friends with the Latin poet whose book, as Sainte-Beuve said, has been a secular breviary of good taste, poetry, and wisdom for two thousand years.

These new books on Horace give us his times in running commentary with the chronology of his poetry. Alas, they are not greatly different from our own. Certainly both are crucial. The centrifugal forces of politics had reached their limit in Horace's youth and, before his death in middle age, were becoming for better or worse strongly centripetal. In literature, as in politics and morals, authority and discipline had wellnigh vanished from the world. Like Wordsworth in his youth Horace was susceptible to the heady promises of politicians and had his season of feverish enjoyment of the dense urban life where politics center. He ended, like Wordsworth, cultivating philosophy, poetry, good will, good sense, and good manners in country quiet; certainly not a vain endeavor—however much of these things he may have achieved on the Sabine farm—for his preachment of them in exquisite verse and poetry has been taken to heart again and again through the ages. Messrs. Sedgwick and Noyes are very persuasive missionaries of this evangel; Mr. Noyes, as a Christian, I believe, and Mr. Sedgwick as the very finest type of Epicurean. Very shortly after the death of Horace the world, like him, turned from a feverish concern with politics to philosophy and religion. The philosophy was largely the humane materialism of Epicurus and the sterner doctrine of the Stoics. The religion, of course, was Christianity. In Horace one of the great moral tides of history is seen turning; which makes him very much a man of our own times and once again in the generations a man and a poet to reckon on.

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Americana.

Frederick Lewis Allen's "I Remember Distinctly" falls into a category of Americana largely invented by the able editor of Harper's Magazine. *Mr. Allen's social histories, unlike the more conventional histories, remind us sharply and vividly through words (and now through pictures) of the minutiae of the quickly obliterated, recent past. "Only Yesterday," his first great success in 1931, told the story of our serious moments and our comic ones in the twenties. It was followed in 1940 by "Since Yesterday." Mr. Allen's next major project will be a short biography and analysis of J. Pierpont Morgan, whom he regards as perhaps the "most neglected and fabulous figure in American history." Right now, Mr. Allen wants to keep the story within the modest proportions of a series of* Harper's *articles; but people close to him recall that all his other books started the same way.*

Time Capsule

I REMEMBER DISTINCTLY: A FAMILY ALBUM OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE 1918-1941. *Assembled by Agnes Rogers, with Running Comment by Frederick Lewis Allen. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1947. 251 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

THIS, the finest examplar of the you-can't-put-it-down classification of books I have ever seen, is a pictorial reconstruction of the period from November 11, 1918, to December 7, 1941. Mr. Allen reckons that era as having lasted twenty-three years and twenty-six days, and that's what I make it.

When it began, Woodrow Wilson was President, Paul Whiteman was playing at *thés dansants*, Douglas MacArthur was about to become superintendent of the United States Military Academy, skirts came to within six inches of the ground, Tom Dewey was finishing high school, Calvin Coolidge was lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, and some people were riding around in Milburn light electrics. Ahead, not in the order given, lay cigarettes for (respectable) women, cellophane, *Reader's Digest*, red fingernails, *Life* (new style), zippers, Teapot Dome, cocktail parties, crystal sets, home brew, drum majorettes, little Audrey, crossword puzzles, the Hall-Mills and the Snyder murders, Radio City, the Dionne quintuplets, the Dayton evolution trial, and the Sacco-Vanzetti case. (Anyone recall the name of the man for whose death, whether justly or unjustly, Sacco and Vanzetti were executed? Mr. Allen doesn't give it. It was Parmenter.)

If you have forgotten why plus-fours were called plus-fours, how many years Ty Cobb led the American League in batting, Shipwreck Kelly's specialty, Balto, the "Flying Finn," what EPIC stood for, who held the goldfish-swallowing record, and the names of the two official symbols of the New York World's Fair (the ball and the tall, three-sided spire), you can replenish your stock of information here.

The most fantastic group of pictures in the whole collection, to me, is the triptych showing the main highway between Richmond and Washington at Dumfries, Virginia, in 1919, 1920, and 1937. (The 1937 shot doesn't count for much, since US 1 then bypassed Dumfries.) The 1919 "highway" was merely a hog-wallow without hogs. If only we had managed our other affairs as well as we have our roads!

There is a lot of book here. There are five hundred pictures, and there are 37,000 words of unobtrusive and excellent text, some of it elucidating the illustrations, some of it tying them together, some of it pleasant and shrewd comment. I think a good many other reviewers will be tempted to quote the two final paragraphs. In the between-the-wars era, Mr. Allen concludes:

> We, as a people, had often been guilty of myopia, irresponsibility, intolerance, and inanity. Struck by an economic storm, we had managed to ride it out, but no more; we had not conquered chronic unemployment—that negator of open opportunity—until deficit spending for armaments came to our rescue. Yet on the other hand our fit of intolerance had been fleeting. In the economic storm we had not yielded ourselves up to any tyrant; and on the whole we had been patient, humane, and loyal to the democratic decencies. When the test of war came, we were to show that despite our self-indulgences and our follies we still had the skill and the will to produce astonishingly and to fight victoriously. All in all, perhaps we had not done so badly.
>
> Would we be able—looking back, later, over the record of our inter-war achievements and idiocies—not simply to apply successfully the old maxim of a great schoolmaster, "To err is human, to make the same mistake twice is foolish," but also to gain the broader and more essential perspective needed to do the harder things: to avoid making different mistakes springing from the same sort of myopia, the same sort of evasions and obsessions?

Mr. Allen leaves the double question unanswered.

—*From the book.*

***Vogue*, April 15, 1926: ". . . ideal for dancing."**

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How to Write Like a Social Scientist

SAMUEL T. WILLIAMSON

DURING my years as an editor, I have seen probably hundreds of job applicants who were either just out of college or in their senior years. All wanted "to write." Many brought letters from their teachers. But I do not recall one letter announcing that its bearer could write what he wished to say with clarity and directness, with economy of words, and with pleasing variety of sentence structure.

Most of these young men and women could not write plain English. Apparently their noses had not been rubbed in the drudgery of putting one simple, well-chosen word behind the other. If this was true of teachers' pets, what about the rest? What about those going into business and industry? Or those going into professions? What about those who remain at college—first for a Master of Arts degree, then an instructorship combined with work for a Ph.D., then perhaps an assistant professorship, next a full professorship and finally, as an academic crown of laurel, appointment as head of a department or as dean of a faculty?

Certainly, faculty members of a front-rank university should be better able to express themselves than those they teach. Assume that those in the English department have this ability: Can the same be said of the social scientists—economists, sociologists, and authorities on government? We need today as we never needed so urgently before all the understanding they can give us of problems of earning a living, caring for our fellows, and governing ourselves. Too many of them, I find, can't write as well as their students.

I am still convalescing from overexposure some time ago to products of the academic mind. One of the foundations engaged me to edit the manuscripts of a socio-economic research report designed for the thoughtful citizen as well as for the specialist. My expectations were not high—no deathless prose, merely a sturdy, no-nonsense report of explorers into the wilderness of statistics and half-known fact. I knew from experience that economic necessity compels many a professional writer to be a cream-skimmer and a gatherer of easily obtainable material; for unless his publisher will stand the extra cost, he cannot afford the exhaustive investigation which endowed research makes possible. Although I did not expect fine writing from a trained, professional researcher, I did assume that a careful fact-finder would write carefully.

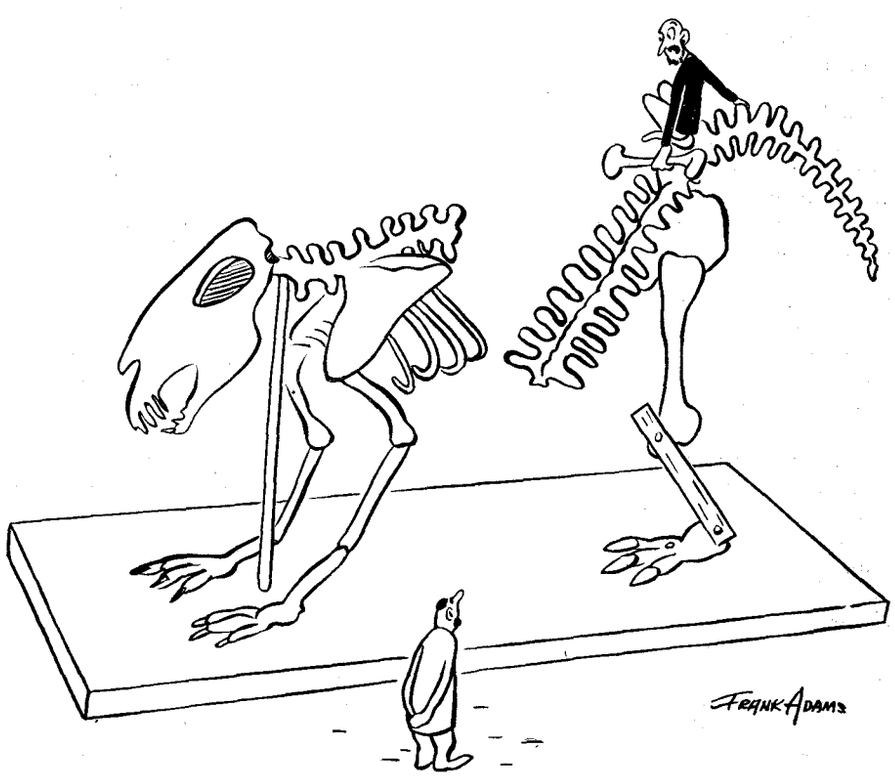
And so, anticipating no literary treat, I plunged into the forest of words of my first manuscript. My weapons were a sturdy eraser and several batteries of sharpened pencils. My armor was a thesaurus. And if I should become lost, a near-by public library was a landmark, and the Encyclopedia of Social Sciences on its reference shelves was an ever-ready guide.

Instead of big trees, I found underbrush. Cutting through involved, lumbering sentences was bad enough, but the real chore was removal of the burdocks of excess verbiage which clung to the manuscript. Nothing was big or large; in my author's lexicon, it was "substantial." When he meant "much," he wrote "to a substantially high degree." If some event took place in the early 1920's, he put it "in the early part of the decade of the twenties." And instead of "that depends," my author wrote, "any answer to this question must bear in mind certain peculiar characteristics of the industry."

So it went for 30,000 words. The pile of verbal burdocks grew—sometimes twelve words from a twenty-word sentence. The shortened version of 20,000 words was perhaps no more thrilling than the original report; but it was terser and crisper. It took less time to read and it could be understood quicker. That was all I could do. As S. S. McClure once said to me, "An editor can improve a manuscript, but he cannot put in what isn't there."

I did not know the author I was editing; after what I did to his copy, it may be just as well that we have not met. Aside from his cat-chasing-its-own-tail verbosity, he was a competent enough workman. Apparently he is well thought of. He has his doctorate, he is a trained researcher and a pupil of an eminent professor. He has held a number of fellowships and he has performed competently sev-

(*Continued on page 27*)



"It's the same old story—can't get parts."

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Fiction.

The flood of historical novels continues this week to overwhelm the lists of new fiction. This is escape literature, however well it is written, and it is interesting to see that publishers have been conscious that the reading public would demand this form of relief from the anxieties and pressures of the time, rather than the light romances and love stories that used to satisfy the same need. Designed as "best sellers" only two of them during the past few weeks have reached any notable success, Costain's "The Moneyman" and Shellabarger's "Prince of Foxes," which continue at the top of the lists. In this issue a new novel of social prejudice, "God Is for White Folks," takes up the problem presented in Sinclair Lewis's "Kingsblood Royal," the dilemma of the white man who has colored blood. An interesting footnote for fiction readers is the coming attempt in a New York court to prove that Daphne Du Maurier's "Rebecca" is a plagiarism of a little-known novel published in 1928.

New-Type Monarch

THE GOLDEN PORCUPINE. By Muriel Roy Bolton. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 408 pp. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE GENZMER

ON THE opening page of this historical romance, which takes its title from the coat of arms of the ducal house, Louis of Orleans is a squirming, notoriously soggy infant in the arms of his regal godfather, Louis XI of France. At the close of the story, almost four decades of as fearsome vicissitudes of love and politics as any hero is likely to encounter in or out of a book, he is Louis XII, idolized by his people, and about to be united at last with his true love, the widow of his predecessor on the throne, Anne of Brittany. With only so much advance notice of its contents, the inveterate novel reader will conclude that here is still another of those compounds of sound, fury, sex, ramshackle construction, and slovenly writing, its defects made bearable by sheer, insistent heartiness, that does duty as run-of-the-mill historical fiction. Before the end of the first chapter, however, one realizes that Miss Bolton is not just another writer who knows the recipe. "The Golden Porcupine" holds its reader not by mere vigor or brash effects but by deft construction and grace of style.

This deftness of technique is well illustrated by the opening chapter, which, with admirable dexterity, succeeds in accomplishing three things crucial to the story. It captures the reader's attention with a robust and piquant christening scene, but that scene is not there simply to arouse interest, for it neatly foreshadows the entire development of the plot. Though faithful to the external facts of history, Miss Bolton, exercising for the nonce what has become an atrophied privilege of the historical fictioneer, has recreated Louis XI, the *diabolus ex machina* of her story, in the spirit of comedy. Few of his contemporaries could have mistaken Louis for a comic figure. He was a monarch of a new type, a diplomat, intriguer, and letter-writer, who had seen that it was cheaper to outwit his enemies in negotiation or to buy them outright for cash than to defeat them in the field. If few laughed at him, surely as few could guess that he was the architect of a governmental system that would rule France for three centuries, and that his device of using royal marriages as political measures would endure even longer. It is on this device of his that the author has built her plot, and while doing so she has also transformed Louis into a more fascinating person than he actually was. As he stands at the baptismal font in Chapter I, pondering the possibility that his godson and heir may be an illegitimate little imposter, exploring the consequences of this unforeseen change in the succession to the throne, furiously canvassing the means to counteract it, his consternation of mind aggravated by physical discomfort and disgust, he is immensely comic and alive, and Miss Bolton has the skill to keep him so till he vanishes from the stage and only his ill deeds survive him.

Yet fifteenth-century France with its dynastic and political problems is little known territory to most readers on our side of the Atlantic, and a novel based on them might soon plunge into a sticky unintelligibility. For us it is the era of the great Portuguese, Spanish, and English navigators, not of the rise of French nationalism out of the rubble of a dilapidated feudalism. Fortunately, thanks more to Shakespeare than to our education in history, everyone remembers Agincourt, and by an easy shift of focus in the christening episode from the godfather to Duke Charles, father of the infant, who had participated in the great battle and had spent the ensuing twenty-five

N. Y. Public Library Picture Collection.

"Few of his contemporaries could have mistaken Louis XII for a comic figure."

years as a prisoner in England, the author is enabled to integrate character portrayal with swift, lucid historical exposition. The whole chapter is a little masterpiece in the economy of means.

The artistry of this first chapter, over which I may seem to linger unduly, pervades and illumines the entire novel, which, replete with stirring incident though it be, owes its distinction not to its story but to the easy grace with which it is told. Essentially it is a novel of modern love and marriage boldly placed in an early French Renaissance atmosphere. Louis of Orleans, his mother and his sister, the Princess Anne of France to whom he was betrothed in childhood and who became his wily antagonist, the Princess Jeanne whom he was forced to marry, the Princess Anne of Brittany who in the end became his wife, evince a sensibility that belongs more to our time than to the closing period of chivalry and speak a pure and timeless English that represents our century as much as it does theirs. Only the costumes they wear, the castles and gardens that witness their hours of agony or of happiness, remove them from us and set them in their strange perspective.

A Different "Robe"

THE LIVING WOOD. By Louis de Wohl. New York: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 318 pp. $3.

Reviewed by LUCIEN WARNER

IN SELECTING King Constantine the Great, his family, and their contemporaries as characters for a novel, Louis de Wohl provided himself with a mass of legendary material far beyond his needs. His problem was one of selection and his

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selection has been good. Most of the events he uses are dramatic and photogenic, as J. Arthur Rank will no doubt demonstrate. Most legends of the period are dramatic. These few decades saw the transition of Christianity from a weak, despised, and persecuted underground movement to a worldly institution backed by the prestige and funds of the Roman Empire. De Wohl's real problem was not that of finding drama but of selecting events which would not do violence to characterization.

In the case of Helena, Constantine's mother and the central character, the author has taken an easy way to achieve consistency, that of awarding her all the virtues and little else, beyond occasional righteous petulance. She is made a British princess, daughter of the mystic King Coel, whose prophecies early in the story rob some later events of the impact of surprise. King Coel is probably a lovingly fabricated creature of English monks of the Middle Ages who never did find a kingdom for him. Other legends give Helena more vulgar backgrounds. Through most of her years Helena, as a wife rejected for political reasons, suffers in proud silence. Her great moments come when first her husband and then her son find need for her wisdom and her newly acquired religious faith. Eusebius, deemed by many to be as reliable as any writer of his day, says that Constantine converted his mother to Christianity. De Wohl reverses this with the result that Helena becomes the spiritual force largely responsible for the establishment of the Temporal Power of the Church. In practically canonizing Helena, De Wohl has made her rather unbelievable. So also are most of his feminine characters.

Constantine suffers a more balanced fate. He might have been presented, conforming with Church biographies, as a saintly defender of the faith against physical and intellectual attack. But De Wohl does not mention the vision which led him to the rescue of Pope Sylvester, nor his baptism, a favorite subject of medieval poets. Omitted also is his inspired dialectical battle with the rabbis and his fabulous church-building program. Passed over lightly are his skill as orator and law-maker.

Or, De Wohl might have followed less prejudiced historians by showing him as an insincere but ambitious scamp who shrewdly ended the Empire's unsuccessful efforts to suppress Christianity and used the movement in his scheme to unite firmly all parts of the Empire. He might have listed the many murders, legal and otherwise, which must be laid to his door (six of his victims were relatives). He might have dwelt upon his frequent self-indulgence and infidelity.

Instead, De Wohl shows us a man whose chief sins arose from ethical confusion. He placed Rome first (do we decry patriotism?). His cruelty usually advanced empire unity at least for the moment. While no saint, he had faith in the Monogram of Christ. His confidence in the fetish was less spiritual than pragmatic. Had not other emblems failed at one time or another? Encamped before Rome for the climactic battle of his career he needed something new. So did his

—*N. Y. Public Library Picture Collection.*

De Wohl shows Constantine as a man whose "chief sins arose from ethical confusion."

men. The pay-off came at the Milvian Bridge, where, against heavy odds, they conquered, wearing on their helmets and shields His Sign.

Despite the wise selection among the legends and facts surrounding Constantine his character seems more sketched than delineated. Perhaps this is because "The Living Wood" is one of the few books which might well have been longer. The story is told in many brief episodes, impersonally presented and frequently separated by gaps of many years.

For many, the book's chief interest will lie not in the characters but in the backdrop. The political tensions and confusions of the period have their parallels today. The cautious, dutiful attendance of many Romans upon gods in which they can almost but not quite believe is certainly demonstrable here and now. So also is their intolerance and their effort to be tolerant. The Edict of Milan is now represented by one of our Four Freedoms.

It is De Wohl's misfortune that "The Robe" appeared first and has been widely read. Both novels deal with the conversion of proud Romans to a despised faith. Both are titled after a religious relic and describe its magic properties. Both describe the Christian movement as having a wonder and an excitement rarely seen since. Perhaps Douglas's novel is less scholarly. In it is incorporated more material undocumented by either history or legend. But as a story it is more imaginative and warm.

Lucien Warner of Time *magazine, psychologist, opinion analyst, with OWI during the war, is the author and co-author of six volumes and numerous technical articles on psychology, genetics, and statistics.*

Cardboard Belle

THE GREAT TIDE. By Rubylea Hall. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1947. 535 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THERE is drama enough certainly hidden in history and beneath the jungle of pines, creepers, and palmettoes which cover the site of lost St. Joseph on the gulf coast of Florida. It was a land speculators' boom town in the 1830's, the quickly-grown, richest, and wickedest town in the Southeast. And it died as if God had been watching it, displeased. The yellow fever in 1841 made its gambling and beribboned inhabitants corpses or fugitives. And in 1844 a hurricane swept what remained of their mansions and buildings into the sea.

Obviously such history could not be left under the jungle. The ghost town was almost designed for a romantic historical novel. Now Rubylea Hall has used it for this detailed, much decorated, virtuous, highly feminine story of a selfish Southern beauty who lost all she thought she wanted in the wrath which wiped out St. Joseph and who found beyond it the promise of happiness she had disregarded in the plantation country of her girlhood. Her story makes one of those long, leisurely novels in which costume and interior decoration get more attention than a hurricane. Its characters are cut out of cardboard to move rigidly before such wild forces as frontier greed, competitive ostentation, yellow jack, and the wind. It is a vivid book but never a vital or a moving one.

I think, however, that a great many people will enjoy it. Not even Aunt Susie could be offended by it. Its heroine, Carolina Nicholas Green Cohran—Caline they called her—is, despite her loveless marriage to the rich Douglas Blackwell, pictured in endless detail as the hoyden variety

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of the conventional Southern belle. In the whole book, which leads her through one marriage, a love affair with her husband's friend, the gentlemanly saloon-keeper and gambler Studd Seven, and to the prospect of a second marriage to a childhood sweetheart, she is so chaste that she only sleeps with her husband long after their marriage in order to have a baby. The hard-drinking liveliness of the plantation country and the wickedness of St. Joseph are all around her but, with the exception of the passages about her flight from yellow fever and the marauders who looted among the dying, she seems more a well-dressed lady beside the drama than a part of it. The hurricane which finally wipes out St. Joseph is an off-stage wind sweeping away only the things she has already left behind.

Much research obviously went into the writing of this book. It is crammed with antique detail. Strangely, perhaps, the most serious fault in the book lies in the very vividness and vigor of the historical material in which the author has worked. The swift, speculative growth of St. Joseph and its violent, unpredictable destruction make an American story in which pretty Caline seems an inadequate heroine. For those leisurely people waiting for long, leisurely historical novels, however, Rubylea Hall has described her Caline, her clothes, her houses, her horses, her happy slaves, her airs and graces with skill and much charm. "The Great Tide" will be, I think, a popular book and afterwards a successful movie. It may, indeed, be Florida's gift to California.

Invisible Man

GOD IS FOR WHITE FOLKS. By Will Thomas. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc. 1947. 305 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

YOU will remember that in "Gentleman's Agreement" Phil Green learned what it felt like to be a Jew by passing as one. He found he had moved into another set of dimensions, hitherto non-existent, now penning him in. Here we have an account of another dimensional change in reverse, from within outward, walls melting away. Not the Jew this time (that might make a bitter tale, not yet explored, I think), but the Negro. Which Negro can pass into the white man's world unobserved? The white-skinned, the child of the octoroon, still a Negro because the white man says he is, white every other way. And this too is an unbearably bitter ex-

perience: to walk unnoticed, like the invisible man, in the white man's sun, to shoulder some of the fantastic arrogance, and to learn at last, first hand, the source of the violence.

For the white man may bellow of race and skin and inferiority and rascality as much as he likes—this for public distribution. But in private, in secret knowing and in the frank cold talk of men and at the core of the lynching mob, the truth comes sweating through out of the pores, in guilt and fear. The white man who hates, hates because of what he has done and because of his fear of what must come of it. Read the last page of Faulkner's "Absalom, Absalom!," or the whole book for that matter, and see the guilt and the fear, explicitly there. And read it here again, in the soliloquy of Sol Winters, the sheriff of the town of Flamingo, in Louisiana:

> White men had made the law and broken it, and the thing the law was supposed to prevent happened anyhow. Their own lusty sex urge, contemptuously ascribed to the animal blacks, had betrayed them, and it continued to do so. They bred mulatto children by sleeping with black women, and they bred quadroon offspring by those mulattos, and after that nobody could be sure who was white or who was not, until, finally, the land was full of mixed breeds as white as their fathers.

Beau Beauchamp is as white as his father, but he is not heir to his father's world. Nor is he welcome in his mother's. The Negroes upon his father's estate turn upon him in suspicion and in a fear of their own ("Ain't no washed-out nigger like him gonna come givin' me no orders!"). The only way is out—somewhere where the invisible fissure running through him will not be known, and therefore will not be at all. A chance to get to Flamingo, where he is an accepted stranger, swings Beau completely out of the shadow of the sixteenth of a taint, and his experiment begins. There are some things he learns about the Negroes too, that hurt from this angle; the shuffling and scraping (to him, now!), and the calculated venality, a Negro selling his fellows out, or his women. But the responsibility is clearly where it has always been, and the answer what it has always been, the one Jacob Wassermann gave to all arguments on the supposed qualities of the Jew: "First take the whip away from that savage."

So much for the meaning of the book, which is not as tract-ridden as this review may suggest. Thomas has written, in fact, quite a romance to fill his novel out. For Beau has the experience — irony upon irony — of falling in love with a girl he thinks is white, who avoids him until she discovers he is not. There are two of them now, fleeing from the hatred that would tear their whiteness from them, and their lives too. They are hiding from a mob at last, and see an innocent Negro lad torn to bits because somebody has to allay the mob's hunger. The character of Beau's aunt, and the whole episode of her vengeful madness, are, I think, extravagant, something out of the popular romantic mode to give this book a turgescence it does not need. Let it rest upon its true talk. There is enough of vitality and challenge here to stand without embellishment.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 224

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 224 will be found in the next issue.

BUG TRY FG MGCGPHRBG

TQKB ASYN R BXTP, RYN

FG BURB FXHKUSO UST,

SDYXPCG DHRLGK.

F. MXFOGH — BUG BRKE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 223

Gratitude is a burden upon our imperfect nature.

LORD CHESTERFIELD
Letter to his son.

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History.

A true biography, which attempts to bring to life an historical figure against the backdrop of his times, is really a variant of history writing. For this reason we have included below, under this category, two reviews of biographical books. For studies like Miss de Ford's biographical "They Were San Franciscans" are the building bricks used to construct the more sweepingly comprehensive surveys of the professional historians, the master craftsmen of their trade. Professor Wertenbaker's balanced history of the Puritan colonies, for example, reviewed below, is the product not only of his own labors but of those of countless lesser historians, antiquarians, teachers, students, who have been ruffling the dust of New England history for hundreds of years. What happens, in other historical fields, when these humble and invisible helpers have not been busy? Read what our reviewer has to say of Axelrad's biography of Patrick Henry, subtitled "The Voice of Freedom."

East Anglia Heirs

THE PURITAN OLIGARCHY. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 359 *pp.* $5.

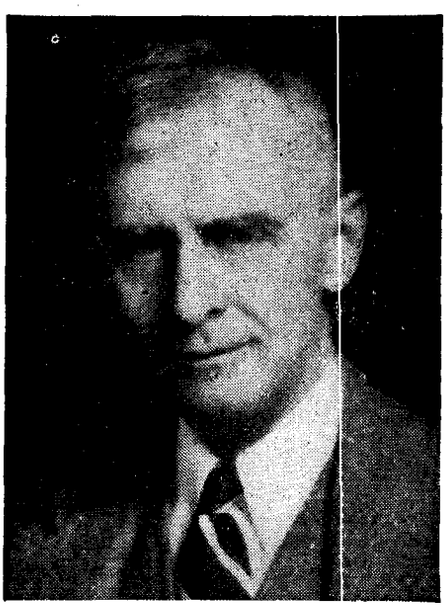
Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE STORY of the Puritan colonies, particularly in Massachusetts, is a familiar theme in American history, one which has been told from almost every conceivable point of view. From the very beginning historians—Bradford and Winthrop are examples — recorded with an eye anxious or devout the story of the founding, increase, and decline of the Bible commonwealth; and from the beginnings also theories about the causes of that transformation have been offered. Materials are of course plentiful. The Massachusetts Historical Society, one of the oldest organizations in the country, has in the course of more than two centuries published endless volumes of material and accumulated a rich library of sources. The fact is symbolical of an avid historicity which has sometimes driven other parts of the country into a fury of denunciation.

When one considers that the history of New England has been written by authors as diverse as Cotton Mather and Vernon L. Parrington, Governor Hutchinson and C. M. Andrews, Edward Johnson and Edward Eggleston, one does not expect in a new book anything unprecedented in point of view or startling in the way of documentation. What one rather looks for is a wide acquaintance with available sources, balance, proportion, a just sympathy with a peculiar people, and a just sense of their shortsightedness in terms of the liberal state of modern times. In this third volume in his series on the founding of American civilization, "The Puritan Oligarchy," Professor Wertenbaker brings precisely these qualities to his task. The richness of his pages consists rather in a judicious sense that the Massachusetts Puritans were part of an understandable culture than in any radical or startling point of view.

The opening chapter illumines Professor Wertenbaker's determination to see the Puritans in terms of their own culture, not of ours. It is a sympathetic and careful description of life in East Anglia, source and background of the Puritan migration, including an excellent explanation of the manor as an agricultural unit. He shows how people and environment fitted together, how natural it was for Puritans, not merely to thrive in this religion, but to be so deeply shaped by it as to bring with them in their migration its architecture, its customs, its values, and its agrarian organization. All these were modified in the wilderness, but their remnants can be traced in the organization and values of any standard New England village today.

Without entering deeply into the intricacies of theology, he gives in his second chapter sufficient discussion of the theory of the Puritan church and state to enable the uninformed reader to understand both; and in his fourth he deals sympathetically with the development of New England architecture and with the Puritan attitude towards the fine arts, including music. It is therefore surprising to find his chapter on the Puritan spirit in literature oddly deficient. He has not apparently heard of, or does not value, Johnson's discovery of Taylor as a Puritan poet ranking with Anne Bradstreet; and though he has read the work of intellectual and literary historians like Miller and Murdock, he seems not to have assimilated their point of view nor to refer New England writing to the British seventeenth century as he refers architecture and land organization.



"Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker is wedded to no narrow thesis."

Chapters five through ten narrate at easy pace and with rich illustration the secularization of the Bible state. Wertenbaker is wedded to no narrow thesis. He wisely writes:

> The theory of economic determinism, which has led so many writers to overemphasize commerce, industry, and agriculture in interpreting the great movements of history, is quite inadequate as a full explanation of either the rise or the fall of the New England Zion. Unless we weigh also the forces of religious zeal, of political developments, of the advance of science, of the growth of rationalism, we secure an incomplete picture with a distorted perspective. Yet it would be equally incorrect to minimize the importance of the decline of the agricultural village, the growth of the farm, the development of a wealthy merchant class, and the multiplying of the number of seafaring men in hastening the "decay" of the old order.

Or, as he puts it elsewhere, more positively:

> Heresies . . . breached the walls of the Bible Commonwealth, scientific discoveries changed its character, the growth of commerce widened its horizons, the transition from the agricultural village to the farm weakened it; but the threat to its political foundations was perhaps the most serious of all.

The iconoclastic twenties are far in the rear, and we no longer have the ignorant attacks on "Puritanism" which distinguished that happy time. We are prepared, at least in the academic world, to take the founders of New England with less outrage, and to understand that "Puritanism found its truest expression, not in England, but in New England." They brought neither toleration nor democracy to Massachusetts, but we owe to them, Mr. Wertenbaker concludes, the origins of the philosophy that schools are both a public duty and a public trust, and they kept alive the spirit

(*Continued on page* 25)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary

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Enlightenment Limited

"MONEY invested in a library," wrote Sir William Osler to a friend some forty years ago, "gives much better returns than mining stock." And how, indeed, could money be better invested than in expanding the facilities for enlightenment which a library provides? Yet the New York State Board of Regents evidently thinks otherwise for it has rendered a decision against the recommendation of aid to libraries during 1948. The State Department of Education, backed by the New York Library Association, had worked out a plan—a plan which could be of equal interest to other states—for the improvement of the library system by the establishment of fifteen regional service centers which would furnish books for distribution, make available a union catalogue, and proffer advice and consultation to smaller libraries within their radius, thus greatly extending the potentialities of the latter. This project, unless the Regents see fit to change their stand before the opening of the 1948 legislative session, is now doomed to go no further than the initiating of an experimental program of library service in a single region.

There could be no more unfortunate moment to curtail the possibilities of the library than the present. For the library, sharing with the school, the press, and the pulpit the opportunity and the obligation to educate and mold public opinion, is facing a period when nations and civilizations will live or fall by the enlightenment of their citizens. A literate public, a public educated to think and to reason, which has knowledge of the past to which to relate the confusion of the present, which can read in yesterday a warning for tomorrow, is the only thing that stands between the world and destruction.

In our democracy, along with a constant ferment of opinion, is also much ignorance and half-knowledge. A vast portion of the public feels rather than thinks, a ductile multitude drawn easily by the arts of the demagogue or the propagandist. Here education is the right of everyone, but knowledge is the possession of the minority and wisdom, of course, of the few. The masses form their opinions by a process of osmosis of the theories and credos and objectives of the small group of leaders, more mentally alert and informed than themselves, into the simpler pattern of their thought. A great majority of Americans, it is probable, will thus always absorb their information by the pores, but there will be an increasing number, too, who will in normal times, when prosperity, and the rising standard of living, and shorter working hours with resultant greater leisure lift the horizon of increasing numbers of the population, seek learning and advancement in schools and colleges and libraries. The greater the opportunities for them, the better for one and all. It is a short-sighted policy that shears away appropriations which, cast into the confusions of a time of bewildering problems, would, like a stone thrown into water, send out ever-widening circles of usefulness and force.

It is a late day to argue for the value of the library. There is no one who could be found to dispute it. But like all things that become familiar, we are wont to forget the importance it holds for the community in the mere fact of its omnipresence. During the war years the library fell upon evil days. It behooves us now to see that what was necessity in the way of restriction of budgets and allocation of Federal and state funds to the imperatives of war does not through mere failure to insist upon the needs and the influence of our libraries grow into a habit of meagerness. The ancients knew the significance of libraries. Plutarch knew it when he wrote:

"Lucullus's furnishing a library, however, deserves praise and record, for he collected very many choice manuscripts; and the use they were put to was even more magnificent than the purchase, the library being always open, and the walks and reading-rooms about it free to all Greeks."

A. L.

Last Ride

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

HE KNEW it was the last time he would ride
Upon his father's shoulders with his knees
Around the brown neck warm in all the winds
And look at things as high as the young trees.

He was too old to be a child any longer,
And there was a younger boy to take his place
Being taller than even a man would grow,
On top of the world, with wide light on his face.

It was the last walk home without the walking,
His last time moving through the air like birds,
Along the earth but not against the earth;
He felt the joy older than all his words.

The boy looked his long last upon the way
He saw the meadow first, the trees, the ocean;
He let himself flow back towards those strange
First times when love was effortless sweet motion.

Those times when he was always part of the one
Called father now, who then meant waters and skies,
Birds and trees, and every moving thing
That was the world unrolling to his eyes.

The boy said his farewell to looking higher
Out on the world than any walker can,
To the glassy and beautiful upper light,
Farewell to being the young head on a man.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dr. Greenberg's "Biocide"

SIR: I commend Emanuel M. Greenberg for his recent proposal of "biocide" as a proper word to designate gradual self-destruction of our own bodily tissues through indulgences. I already find myself making frequent use of "biocide" in my thinking and letter writing.

I hope *SRL* continues to share its space generously with those who read its contents.

MRS. VERNON A. WARD, SR.
Robersonville, N. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SRL *only wishes it had more space for its provocative readers.*

Helen Keller's Poetry

SIR: It has for years been for me a cause of amazement and regret that so little account was ever made of Helen Keller's "Song of the Stone Wall."

If you think readers of *SRL* would be interested I would like to select a few quotations. For some reason Miss Keller seems to take no interest in having a new edition. Perhaps she would if *SRL* were to stir up a little interest.

None of the great poets ever used words any better than Miss Keller used them in this remarkable poem. Of the moss covered stones fencing in a field she said:

The moss covered stones are eloquent
to my hands

We are the cup that holds the sea and
the pinnacle that parts the sky.

A thousand hues are blended in our
gray substance

Sapphire, turquoise, emerald, ruby,
opal,
Emerald, diamond, amethyst are our
sisters
From the beginning and our brothers
are
Iron, lead, zinc, copper and silver
and gold.

F. T. CRANE.
Upper Montclair, N. J.

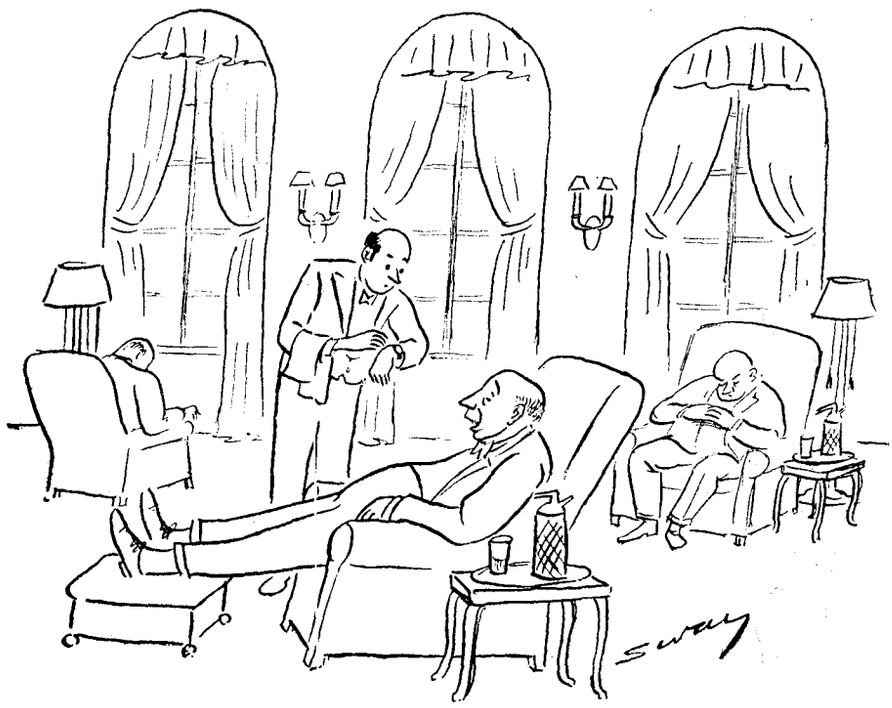
Bergson-Sartre Analogy

SIR: I was particularly interested in reading the reprint of Walter Lippmann's earlier remarks on Henri Bergson which appeared in the Aug. 23 *SRL*, for I've been an admirer of Bergson's writings for some time.

There is indeed an interesting analogy between the present popularity of Jean-Paul Sartre today and that of Henri Bergson after the last war, but there the analogy ceases. For while Bergson's is a philosophy of hope and life, that of Sartre to me is a philosophy of despair and hopelessness.

You may recall the reference to Henri Bergson in my survey of contemporary scientific thought in "The Pendulum Swings Back" (Cokesbury, 1938), showing how Bergson's views, expressed long before in "Creative Evolution," a tie-in with trends of thinking in present-day biology, medicine, and psychology.

MARVIN M. BLACK.
University, Mississippi



"3:31—a.m. or p.m.?"

Book Business Is Different

SIR: The first two advertisements in your series "What's Wrong with the Book Business?" were extremely constructive. I cannot say the same of the third ad, which is based on the premise that the book business is the same as any other.

Now I hold no brief for out-dated publishers' promotion policies, but I quarrel with Messrs. Gronfein and Cottin because they don't indicate a thorough knowledge of the book business.

"This browsing deal" which the writers of the advertisement would like to do away with, is one of the few attractions left in the average bookshop. . . . You don't know what's in a book until you taste it. . . . When [browsing is] encouraged to disappear in the interests of efficiency, there won't be any more book business.

The writers suggest that next time a publisher has an appropriation of $300 to $600 he turn it all over for cooperative advertising. They also take a swing at book publicity—and that's where they really hurt.

First of all, the book business is different and for a very obvious reason. A book is published, sells for a period of time, and then stops selling. The advertising and publicity must be packed into a comparatively short period and cannot be gauged on a long-term basis where the exorbitant cost of making your first sale is repaid by a number of repeat sales.

Furthermore, when you are dealing with a book you are not dealing with a frying pan. You have an author to consider. You have a work of more or less literary merit to consider. This is not to say that exploitation should cease, but it simply means that exploitation must make its noise within the limits of good taste.

Most important of the points the writers seem to miss is that selling books is not always the primary purpose of publishers' advertising. Of course they want to sell books, but when a publisher appropriates $600 or $1,000, he isn't kidding himself that it's going to sell books. He is spending that money for other reasons which comprise too lengthy a list to go into in this letter.

. . . The writers neglect the fact that a great many retail sales people work for smaller salaries than they would elsewhere because they like being with books. Start giving them Monday morning pep talks, slide films, and courses in high pressure selling methods—and the retail book business may find itself sadly depleted in personnel.

DICK TAPLINGER.
New York, N. Y.

Be a Good Cyster

SIR: It was bad enough for you to publish the poem entitled "For a Cholestography" but I let that pass. We all make mistakes. But the correction by Amy Lee Spencer in which the spelling is changed to *cholesistography* is impossible.

The word is derived from the Greek *chole* meaning bile or gall, *kystis* (Anglicized to cyst) meaning bladder, and *graphe* meaning writing. Practi-

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cally, it means taking a picture of the gall bladder. . . .

DOROTHY TOOKER.

New York.

SIR: Amy Lee Spencer, who expresses consternation [*SRL* Aug. 9] because a typist misspelled "cholesistography" [*SRL* July 5], apparently doesn't realize that there is no such word. It should be "cholecystography." The gall-bladder is not a sist but a cyst or sac. Tell her to brace up, be a good cyster, acknowledge her error, and not blame the typist.

JAMES B. HERRICK.

Dorset, Vt.

L'Affaire Iowa

SIR: Most of your readers seem to be critical of Mr. Cooper for his failure to prosecute his assailants. I disagree. Mr. Cooper has, I believe, done us a service by standing his ground. Were these boys punished for their actions, the American public, feeling that the occurrence had thus been properly dealt with, would settle back and once more become sublimely unconcerned with the underlying currents which had produced such action. By his refusal, Mr. Cooper has put the burden where it belongs, on us as American citizens. We are left with the uneasy conviction that we are building up within our country forces which can render obsolete our Declaration of Independence. This unease, while it may not directly lead to action, may perhaps make us more perceptive of our failings and may in time force corrective measures upon home, school and clergy.

LOUISE LOURCEY.

New Smyrna Beach, Fla.

SIR: My reason for writing you is that I feel it a duty—like voting—to make a positive expression in the matter of the guilt of bystanders. I want to be counted, and no mistake about it, as agreeing with you and the papers and people who see a significance in this incident far beyond the event itself. I want to cheer you all on in saying what you have in public print.

Secondly, I feel that almost above any people on this earth, we in Iowa are blessed with material riches. We have so much in our land, our small communities, our prosperous farms, and our good people that people all over the world hunger for. We, within ourselves, are at peace. This wealth should make us more responsible than any people on earth for, in our security, we can afford to put civil liberty into action, we can afford to practise democracy, we have no excuse for being—bystanders.

This may not be true now, but when I went to school, Iowa had more institutions of higher learning per capita than any state in the Union. Iowa has the oldest university west of the Mississippi. Every city, town, and crossroad is studded with churches of all creeds. If we lack the moral guts to speak aloud this religious life that we profess, who on earth can we expect to do it for us?

HAZEL BROWN.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.

SIR: I thought you might be interested in these two clippings from the Des Moines *Register and Tribune*, reporting developments in the celebrated cause which you aired:

BARRED BY S.U.I.
AFTER BEATING

IOWA CITY, IA.—A former State University of Iowa student who dropped out of school last August, has been denied the right to reenter the university as a result of the attack made last May on a Jewish resident.

The action taken by university authorities was announced Friday by C. Woody Thompson, dean of student affairs. He refused to identify the former student.

Thompson said the man has been allowed 30 days in which to appeal from the decision to the faculty committee on discipline.

And here is the second clipping:

REVEAL NAMES IN IOWA CITY
BEATING CASE

Names of the two men involved in the May 6 attack on a Jewish resident of Iowa city were disclosed Saturday for the first time.

They are Ed Thomae, formerly of Waukon and a onetime student in physical education at the State University of Iowa, and Donald Eugene Leeney, who formerly lived in Iowa City.

The attack on Cooper will be looked into this week by the Johnson county grand jury. Chances of any prosecution developing are considered slim.

Cooper, now a teacher in an Iowa City Jewish school, has said that he won't testify against anybody. Without his help, officers feel that no prosecution could be successful.

The university Friday denied Thomae the right to return to school if he wanted to. He dropped out about a month ago. He said Saturday that he doesn't want to come back but he regards the university action as "unfair." He said he believes he is entitled to a hearing in which "my side of the story could be told."

"Woody Thompson (the university dean of men) told me it wouldn't do any good to go before the judiciary committee of the university because he knew how it would come out," Thomae said.

"I didn't care so much about not returning to school but they are going to put that stuff in my permanent record," he added. "That's what I was trying to get them not to do."

[*Dean Thompson said Friday that the former student had been allowed 30 days in which to appeal from the decision denying him the right to re-enter the university.*]

Thomae, who served 3½ years in the armed forces, said the situation has kept him from getting a job as an athletic coach for which he had been preparing. He is planning, he said, on leaving "this part of the country to start all over again in something else."

Iowa City authorities feel that it is useless to try to prosecute anybody if the victim won't cooperate. Yet they want to do something to dispose of the case and to indicate their opposition to any racial intolerance.

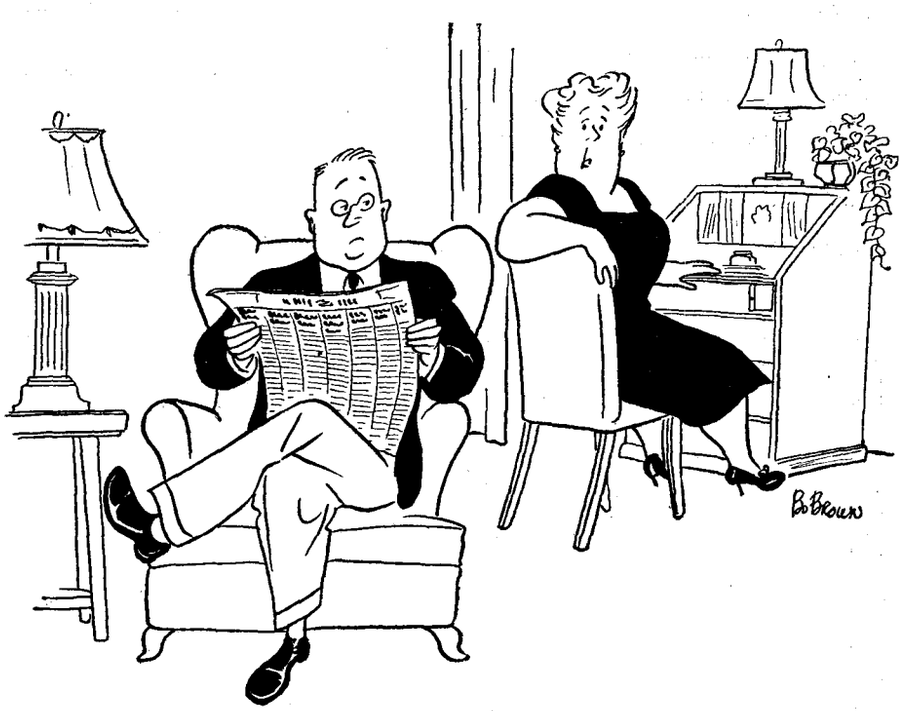
The university likewise wants it all over with. Cooper is a former graduate student. Leeney never was a university student and Thomae has been out of school for some weeks now.

The action barring Thomae from re-entering probably wasn't necessary because Thomae wasn't coming back anyway.

But the university wanted to take some positive action to show its policy and the notice to Thomae resulted.

R. J. BLAKELY.

Des Moines, Ia.



"I'm a little worried about Russia's attitude, Roger —don't you think we ought to lay in some caviar?"

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HISTORY

(Continued from page 21)

of learning in the wilderness. But most of the contributions of Massachusetts to the national culture, he concludes, "were made after the fall of the Puritan oligarchy, and the men to whom the chief credit is due were not its supporters but on the contrary, those who rebelled against it."

Howard Mumford Jones, professor of English at Harvard, has specialized in American literary history.

Colonial Spellbinder

PATRICK HENRY. The Voice of Freedom. By Jacob Axelrad. New York: Random House. 1947. 299 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by COURTLANDT CANBY

"THE ROAD to popularity here," complained the Reverend Mr. Maury, "is to trample under foot the interests of religion, the rights of the church, and the prerogative of the crown." No wonder Maury was angry. That "obscure" young lawyer Patrick Henry had just persuaded the jury in Maury's suit for lost salary to award only one penny in damages, and then had had the temerity to apologize to the minister for his inflammatory and treasonable harangue. Nothing personal had been intended, Henry had hastened to explain; he had merely been attempting to make himself popular. And the "Parson's Cause" did make young Henry popular, despite the fact that in law the Reverend Mr. Maury, a poor, hard-working man, had every right to his salary. It was Henry's first successful appeal to the emotions of a jury. In a colony already distinguished for the remarkable intellectual attainments and statesmanship of its leaders, Patrick Henry, although a Virginian, remained poorly educated, poorly read. But he did have a gift for violent and impassioned oratory, and a genius for seizing upon the public discontent and using it for his own purposes. One wonders, however, if there was much more to the man than a certain boldness, useful in raising rebellion, and an astounding gift for moving men's emotions.

Patrick Henry was a spellbinder; he became an adroit politician; but was he a statesman? It has never been clear whether he had any other principles than those of intuition and opportunism. In the first Continental Congress Henry thundered, "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian but an American." Yet thirteen years later he led a politically virulent and dirty fight in Virginia against ratification of the Constitution; and later, in a futile attempt to bar Madison from election to Congress, he introduced what was later called Gerrymandering into America. As war governor of Virginia, his reputation has scarcely been cleared of the charge that he aspired to popular military leadership, if not to dictatorship.

Perhaps it is unfair to raise once more the old controversy about Henry's character, since Jacob Axelrad, in the lively biography here under review, has striven so manfully—yet ineffectually—to lay its ghost. In his enthusiasm for Patrick Henry and for that ill-defined virtue, liberty, Mr. Axelrad records, yet glosses over Patrick Henry's defects with distressing equanimity. This raises an interesting question. Virginia, of course, was a fertile seedbed of the American heritage, yet how much of this do we owe to Patrick Henry? Very little; for his significant role as instigator of revolution was early played out, and his later career was local and largely negative. Are we not far more deeply in debt to the Jeffersons, Madisons, Wythes, Marshalls—Virginian statesmen whose leadership after the war widened beyond Virginia to guide the steps of the early Republic, whose writings are read today, whose ideas still live in our present beliefs and institutions?

Perhaps we should not blame Mr. Axelrad for failing to place the career of Patrick Henry in a truer perspective. It is rather the fault, to begin with, of the biographical method, which in this case leaves us with the image of a giant Patrick Henry moving against a vague backdrop of lesser events and personalities. It is due, also, to the shocking lack of historical studies of colonial Virginia. Before the Revolution Virginia was not only paramount among the colonies in size, wealth, and influence, but it was undergoing a unique intellectual renaissance which was to provide unparalleled leadership for the new United States. Mr. Axelrad is to be commended for the way in which he has woven "the career of Patrick Henry into the fabric of the Revolution." He has struggled manfully to do the same for Henry's Virginian background, but it is not his fault if he has only partially succeeded. Such oversights and oversimplifications as occur in his volume can be set down to the lack of adequate studies of the colony upon which to draw. In describing Patrick Henry, for example, as the champion of the West against the East, of the "hardy yeomen, the petty tradesmen" of the Piedmont against the Tidewater aristocrats, he seems to be unaware that Jefferson and many other rich, aristocratic planters came, too, from the Piedmont, and were counted as radicals. Again, some further account of the revivalist, "New Light" Presbyterians and their great leader, Samuel Davies, a vivid and fiery preacher from whom the young Patrick Henry imbibed a love of oratory and many of his liberal ideas, might throw light on our hero. And that "ancient liberal," Richard Bland, Esq., whose writing first sparked the revolutionary crisis in Virginia and whose arguments reappeared in the mouth of young Henry, should not be forgotten.

Nor should the Tory opposition be slighted. The powerful, conservative aristocrats of the Tidewater, whose influence centered in the governor's council, are but shadowy figures in Axelrad's biography. Surely Patrick Henry and his cause would be better understood for some knowledge of the men against whom he fought—men like that energetic

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 705)

C. BREASTED:
PIONEER TO THE PAST

. . . Filling his insatiable notebooks with swift, neat copies of hieroglyphic records . . . alive with all the surging immediacy of their time, he knew that he was gathering the story of human progress in Egypt as no one had done it before him.

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group of conservative clergymen which included Patrick Henry's uncle and namesake; and the dramatic, courageous figure of the Reverend Anthony Boucher, the Tory minister who preached, as the Revolution broke, with loaded pistols on his pulpit. Then there is the disastrous decline in the tobacco lands of Virginia which produced the economic crisis, the social ferment which played so neatly into the hands of the agitator and revolutionist, Patrick Henry.

But these oversights, I repeat, must be laid at the door of the professional historians who for incomprehensible reasons have avoided the rich field of colonial Virginian history. There are mistakes in Axelrad's biography — George Wythe could not have taught Jefferson at William and Mary, since he did not become law professor there until 1779—but these are unimportant. On the whole, we can be thankful for a popular and readable biography of a remarkable figure, about whom too little has been known—a biography which is at least stimulating.

Juice and Vigor

THEY WERE SAN FRANCISCANS. By Miriam Allen de Ford. Illustrated with Photographs. Caldwell, Ida.: The Caxton Printers. 1947. 327 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

HALF a dozen years ago when the first edition of this book appeared there had been a rash of books about Californians. Sutter, "Lucky" Baldwin, the Big Four of the Central Pacific, William C. Ralston, and many more titans of the state's early days had found biographers, some of them several times over.

Miriam de Ford, however, concluded that there were others worth writing about. They were, perhaps, men who had not earned world-wide fame, but they had been part and parcel of their own scene; they had been constituents of the "juice and vigor," as she put it, of San Francisco which has always been as genuinely juicy and vigorous a city as any in the country. Miss de Ford, therefore (she is Mrs. Maynard Shipley), gathered together a dozen biographical essays of her own, written around just such San Franciscans, and made them into this book.

The current reissue has come about simply because "They Were San Franciscans" has earned itself and its author an enduring local fame. So far, at least, there is no other source as full on several of her subjects—the city's first great impresario, Tom Maguire, for one; or Ella May Clemmons, called Chinatown's "Christ Angel"; or the extraordinary Asbury Harpending, whose impress is all over San Francisco's past, though few know even his name; or Little Hitchcock Coit, who was a greater fire-buff than even New York's LaGuardia, and left her city a tall tower to prove it; or James Lick, the financier-philanthropist who gave so generously to the city he loved. For others here discussed—Henry George, Fremont Older, George Sterling, James J. Corbett, Sam Brannan, and a few more—there are book sources available, though the author's estimate is invariably fresh and entertaining. In a few cases, notably that of the curious character, the electronic Dr. Albert Abrams, the essay in this book is the only detailed account anywhere.

Chief changes in the new edition are in the introduction, of which a good deal has been rewritten, partly to present new information, partly to correct certain minor errors that turned up in the original text. (It is unfortunate, in this connection, that the spelling of the name of Mammy Pleasant has been corrected on some pages but not on others.) The introduction, by the way, is a good deal more than that; almost the length of the other chapters, it constitutes an admirable essay upon the spirit of San Francisco, old and new, in which the author exhibits warm affection and understanding and at the same time conducts a fine and colorful parade of characters who played minor parts in their city's beginnings. Altogether, though it makes no pretensions to being a definitive study, this volume is an excellent item in what may be called the "self-starter" classification, the kind of thing that can start the interested reader off on endlessly profitable explorations of his own into the background of one of the most stimulating areas of America's past.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE PINBALL MURDERS *Thomas Black* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.50)	Asked to find tall, beauteous wife of short, bothered husband, Al ("English") Delaney, private dick, turns up corpses, kidnappers, and chicanery.	Almost too much plot for one novel, but elucidation, 'tho confusing, is speedy, eventful, adequately tough and ironically chronicled.	Passable
A NIGHT OF ERRORS *Michael Innes* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Blaggardish baronet bludgeoned and body barbecued in manorial study. John Appleby connects current casualty and forty-year-old holocaust with inflammable results.	Completely fantastic mystery involving three identical brothers, shocking death-roll, Peacockian japery, veritable corpses' ballet, and solution that sets head spinning.	Very odd!
DARK INTERLUDE *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Post-war murders of British agents in France by unquenchable Nazi finally stopped by ruthless and resourceful O'Mara and loyal aids.	Current Cheyney chiller features characters from earlier espionage epics as well as dauntless star. Cold-blooded, sardonic, super-sonically paced.	Amply thrilling
A MOMENT IN TIME *James Wellard* (Dodd Mead: $2.50)	Tenor shot at N. Y. musical-show premiere. Sociologist Lucius Hunt sees killing and leads deferential police to solution.	Up to certain point pretty good — though slightly synthetic. But terminal scenes are excessively windy and on silly side.	Disappointing
BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR—1947 *Edited by David C. Cooke* (Dutton: $2.50)	Fourteen short stories, from pulps and slicks, (all published in 1946), mainly by VIP's in crime-writing circles.	Milne, Macdonald, Rogers, and Palmer stories are good. Residue of slightly misnamed collection not excessively bothersome—with one exception.	Time-passer
HALF-PAST MORTEM *John A. Saxon* (Mill: $2.50)	Insurance investigator probing odd Cal. auto accident tangles with quarrelsome clan becomes chief murder suspect, and snares persistent killer.	Hero's uncanny ability to get into hot water keeps action bubbling rapidly. Solution cleverly concealed until last few pages.	Agreeable

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HOW TO WRITE LIKE A SOCIAL SCIENTIST

(Continued from page 17)

eral jobs of economic research. But, after this long academic preparation for what was to be a life work, it is a mystery why so little attention was given to acquiring use of simple English.

Later, when I encountered other manuscripts, I found I had been too hard on this promising Ph.D. Tone-deaf as he was to words, his report was a lighthouse of clarity among the chapters turned in by his so-called academic betters. These brethren—and sister'n — who contributed the remainder of the foundation's study were professors and assistant professors in our foremost colleges and universities. The names of one or two are occasionally in newspaper headlines. All of them had, as the professorial term has it, "published."

Anyone who edits copy, regardless of whether it is good or bad, discovers in a manuscript certain pet phrases, little quirks of style and other individual traits of its author. But in the series I edited, all twenty reports read alike. Their words would be found in any English dictionary, grammar was beyond criticism, but long passages in these reports demanded not editing but actual translation. For hours at a time, I floundered in brier patches like this: "In eliminating wage changes due to purely transitory conditions, collective bargaining has eliminated one of the important causes of industrial conflict, for changes under such conditions are almost always followed by a reaction when normal conditions appear."

I am not picking on my little group of social scientists. They are merely members of a caste; they are so used to taking in each other's literary washing that it has become a habit for them to clothe their thoughts in the same smothering verbal garments. Nor are they any worse than most of their colleagues, for example:

> In the long run, developments in transportation, housing, optimum size of plant, etc., might tend to induce an industrial and demographic pattern similar to the one that consciousness of vulnerability would dictate. Such a tendency might be advanced by public persuasion and governmental inducement, and advanced more effectively if the causes of urbanization had been carefully studied.

Such pedantic Choctaw may be all right as a sort of code language or shorthand of social science to circulate among initiates, but its perpetrators have no right to impose it on others. The tragedy is that its users appear to be under the impression that it is good English usage.

Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do! There once was a time when everyday folk spoke one language, and learned men wrote another. It was called the Dark Ages. The world is in such a state that we may return to the Dark Ages if we do not acquire wisdom. If social scientists have answers to our problems yet feel under no obligation to make themselves understood, then we laymen must learn their language. This may take some practice, but practice should become perfect by following six simple rules of the guild of social science writers. Examples which I give are sound and well tested; they come from manuscripts I edited.

RULE 1. *Never use a short word when you can think of a long one.* Never say "now" but "currently." It is not "soon" but "presently." You did not have "enough" but a "sufficiency." Never do you come to the "end" but to the "termination." This rule is basic.

RULE 2. *Never use one word when you can use two or more.* Eschew "probably." Write, "it is improbable," and raise this to "it is not improbable." Then you'll be able to parlay "probably" into "available evidence would tend to indicate that it is not unreasonable to suppose."

RULE 3. *Put one-syllable thought into polysyllabic terms.* Instead of observing that a work force might be bigger and better, write, "In addition to quantitative enlargement, it is not improbable that there is need also for qualitative improvement in the personnel of the service." If you have discovered that musicians out of practice can't hold jobs, report that "the fact of rapid deterioration of musical skill when not in use soon converts the employed into the unemployable." Resist the impulse to say that much men's clothing is machine made. Put it thus: "Nearly all operations in the industry lend themselves to performance by machine, and all grades of men's clothing sold in significant quantity involve a very substantial amount of machine work."

RULE 4. *Put the obvious in terms of the unintelligible.* When you write that "the product of the activity of janitors is expended in the identical locality in which that activity takes place," your lay reader is in for a time of it. After an hour's puzzlement, he may conclude that janitors' sweepings are thrown on the town dump. See what you can do with this: "Each article sent to the cleaner is handled separately." You become a member of the guild in good standing if you

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put it like this: "Within the cleaning plant proper the business of the industry involves several well-defined processes, which, from the economic point of view, may be characterized simply by saying that most of them require separate handling of each individual garment or piece of material to be cleaned."

RULE 5. *Announce what you are going to say before you say it.* This pitcher's wind-up technique before hurling towards—not at—home plate has two varieties. First is the quick wind-up: "In the following sections the policies of the administration will be considered." Then you become strong enough for the contortionist wind-up: "Perhaps more important, therefore, than the question of what standards are in a particular case, there are the questions of the extent of observance of these standards and the methods of their enforcement." Also, you can play with reversing Rule 5 and *say what you have said after you have said it.*

RULE 6. *Defend your style as "scientific."* Look down on—not up to—clear, simple English. Sneer at it as "popular." Scorn it as "journalistic." Explain your failure to put more mental sweat into your writing on the ground that "the social scientists who want to be scientific believe that we can have scientific description of human behavior and trustworthy predictions in the scientific sense only as we build adequate taxonomic systems for observable phenomena and symbolic systems for the manipulation of ideal and abstract entities."

For this explanation I am indebted to Lyman Bryson in an *SRL* article (Oct. 13, 1945) "Writers: Enemies of Social Science." Standing on ground considerably of his own choosing, Mr. Bryson argued against judging social science writing by literary standards.

Social scientists are not criticized because they are not literary artists. The trouble with social science does not lie in its special vocabulary. Those words are doubtless chosen with great care. The trouble is that too few social scientists take enough care with words outside their special vocabularies.

It is not too much to expect that teachers should be more competent in the art of explanation than those they teach. Teachers of social sciences diligently try to acquire knowledge; too few of them exert themselves enough to impart it intelligently.

Too long has this been excused as "the academic mind." It should be called by what it is: intellectual laziness and grubby-mindedness.

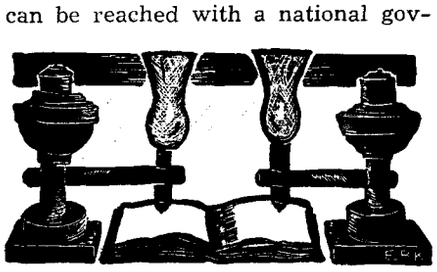
THE WORLD

(*Continued from page* 12)

charter; the veto is the embodiment of national sovereignty. Hence the Soviet's objection to world government which their press regards as "reactionary."

To await agreements that cannot be given is to invite chaos and trouble, Mr. Fischer thinks. In the circumstances, he believes that we should go ahead without Russia and establish an international government based on democratic principles. "Democracy can be saved only by internationalism," he declares. It does not seem to him sensible to prop up weakening structures piecemeal, as we are doing in England, Greece, Turkey, China, and other places. No one bank, no one government can restore the world, he says: "To improve democracy and thereby prevent war, an international organization is required with political plus economic powers. This is the heart of the strategy of a democratic victory." He is only a little less fearful of American than Russian imperialism. As the United Nations is now constituted with the veto, he points out that Russia can go on indefinitely frustrating the business of the world. Since an international government of democracies would unite "all the forces of progress, sanity, and freedom" he believes that it would leave Soviet communism stalemated and moribund. To quote him from another chapter: "I do not think that Bolshevik Russia, with her imperialism, nationalism, dictatorship and relative cultural, industrial and scientific backwardness has much to offer the non-Soviet world."

There are hardly enough democracies in the world to establish such an international government deliberately. But the United Nations might logically develop into the sort of government Mr. Fischer, as well as other responsible people, are proposing. For the increasing shrillness and violence of Soviet opposition has virtually destroyed the United Nations already. Mr. Vishinsky's rancorous repetition of old fallacies in his attack on United States foreign policy in the present Assembly has driven the final nail in the U.N.'s coffin. No agreements can be reached with a national government that does not face situations honestly and brings no good will to world affairs. After Mr. Vishinsky's speech, it should be obvious to everyone that the Soviet government retains its U.N. membership chiefly for the purpose of making propaganda on a world forum, for the purpose of blocking agreements, fomenting chaos, and prolonging the sort of crisis that favors the spread of communism and helps consolidate Stalin's power.



By use of the veto Russia can prevent a change in the U.N. charter and block attempts to eliminate or modify the veto. If that turns out to be the case, the other nations have no choice but to form a new United Nations without Russia and the satellites who decide to remain with her. No one wants to work towards a peaceful world without the adherence of Russia. But the Vishinsky speech, coming as the climax to a long period of bitterness and acrimony, shows that the Soviet government has already made up its mind and that nothing constructive can be accomplished if Soviet consent is necessary. To begin anew without Russia would be less dangerous than helplessly sitting by while the Soviet representatives paralyze world affairs. For Russia is a backward nation under reactionary leadership that casts a long shadow only when the sun is low. Mr. Fischer's proposal is, I believe, a sound one, for freedom is still the most creative idea.

What Mr. Fischer has in mind is progressive democracy with mixed economies of socialism and capitalism, with mutual assistance between nations, with customs unions, the removal of national boundaries, and the surrender of considerable national sovereignty. As things are now constituted, that is doubtless counsel of perfection. Among the forces that lean against it are the limited number of democracies in the world today and the boredom, irresponsibility and civil strife that democracies have to tolerate. Nothing, for example, has been more rudely disillusioning to democratic progress than the revengeful coal strike in England by men whom the Labor government has been championing. Say this much for Stalin and his associates: they work hard with great determination. That is more than we do.

Brooks Atkinson, drama critic and author, served as The New York Times *foreign correspondent in China,* 1942-44, *and Russia,* 1945-46.

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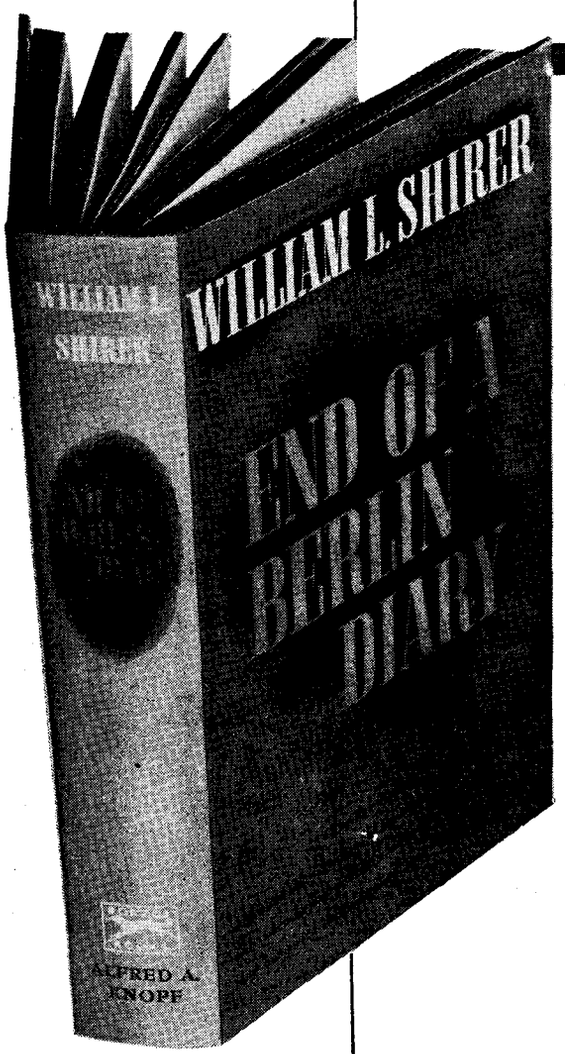
William L. Shirer



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Seeing Things

THREE MEN AND A BOAT

A CAT would have been hard put to determine which of us smelled the fishier — my two sons and I, or the catch we had just laid out on the pier. As our haul included ten smallish scup, three little chuck which my six-year-old rightly insisted had been "tooken with rigor mortis," and one gaping, if infinitesimal, bluefish, we had not lifted it from the *Cassie B.* without a considerable show of pride.

"Good-bye, Cap'n," said I, "and thanks a lot. I can't tell you how often this winter we'll think back to you and these days up here."

From past experience I knew this to be true, gospel true. We *would* think back to Martha's Vineyard and our fishing expeditions there again and again. At meals without number. In conversations beyond counting. In terms of sudden references which would defy prediction. What is more, the boys would undoubtedly remember exactly which fish were caught by whom on what morning.

"Yep," smiled the captain, "no doubt 'bout it. Pretty good fishin' up here."

We had never seen the captain in a boat. Usually when we found him, he was riding not the waves but a dilapidated rocker on the porch of his little beach shack. Yet, so far as we were concerned, he was Neptune's spokesman and Sir Isaak Walton's heir. Why not? He was the possessor of a spyglass which he was in the habit of raising impressively on occasion to scan the horizon. His face was as weathered as a New England captain's should be; his body as wiry; his talk as salty. Moreover, whenever he lapsed into speech (which was not often), he spoke as an authority on the private and public lives of every kind of fish that could be hooked inside the breakwater or in the beckoning depths beyond.

"'Course," continued the captain with a wink at me, "'tain't everyone who comes up here in the summertime can bring in a mess o' fish like yours. Takes professionals to do that."

The boys beamed. Such is the special vanity of anglers that, though I had seen the captain's wink and heard it in his voice, I felt happy myself inside.

I noticed the boys were looking past the captain across the short stretch of hot sand to the water's edge and the *Cassie B.* All of us hated to say good-bye to her, too. Both my sons had given her their hearts. She was the first boat to win their love. They loved her fiercely, with that warmth which men can come to feel for boats. In their eyes she was different, special, set apart. Even I had begun to have a ridiculous affection for her, mistaking for personality what was no more than the sum of the good times she had given us.

To the captain she was merely one of his rowboats, gayer than some (inasmuch as she was painted white

on the outside and ice-cream-cone tan on the inside), but still a nameless thing. He saw her as a meal ticket, a commodity, a snubnosed runt. To us she was adventure. For my sons—this summer at any rate—she combined the more romantic features of the *Santa Maria*, the *Hispaniola*, the *Pequod*, the *Beagle*, and the *Arcturus*.

It was the boys who without the captain's knowing it had christened the *Cassie B.* They had borrowed their mother's nickname, and were as delighted as I was to see how jauntily it adapted itself to seafaring purposes.

Taking leave of the *Cassie B.* was not easy. For them or me. It was the final proof of the summer's ending. And this we found as melancholy as (when once we were back in New York) we would find the onrush of winter exciting.

The ten-year-old took his farewell simply by looking at the *Cassie B.*, his lips drawn down at the corner. Then he turned back to the fish on the pier. The younger boy, less embarrassed by age, dared to reach for words.

"Good-bye, *Cassie B.*," said he to the unanswering rowboat and the captain's utter surprise. "Have a nice winter and be a good boat."

As we lifted our haul and walked away from the dock, I could not help remembering the first time the older boy and I had gone fishing. He was six then, and the perilous sea we had braved together was a freshwater pond on the island.

The idea of his getting up before the sun had seemed to him the most breathtaking of experiences. He had fought off sleep the evening before with Christmas Eve resistance. Once his eyes were closed, he had spent a dream-tossed night until the alarm rang at five. He had been bug-eyed with excitement as out of his window he saw woods which were not woods but soft curtains of blackness. He had needed no urging to down the scrambled eggs and bacon, the hot milk and the toast which I had served him in a lighted kitchen.

Naturally, however, the big moment came when he picked up his borrowed bamboo pole and opened the screen door to walk out into the darkness. I can still feel his hand, then so small, as he dug it, cold and clutching, into mine. I can still hear the slight quaver in his voice as he tried to talk above the mysterious rustlings in the shadows. I can still see the joy dancing in his eyes as we reached the head of the pond and a world which had been slowly graying suddenly pinkened with the sun's rising.

"Gee," he sighed, "the sun gets up early! Isn't it pretty out here!"

It was. Yet it was more than that. It was the perfect expression of that wonder which, late or early, on days cloudless or dark, is part of fishing. Of that wonder which creates a fellowship between the boy in bluejeans on a pier who brings in a minnow and the expensively floated sportsman who captures a barracuda.

My sons and I are the most incomplete of anglers. We cannot pretend to speak the language of Sir Isaak's Piscator. But his talk is music in our ears. My boys came to fishing early; I late. They feel for it the natural enthusiasm of youth. I approach it with a convert's zeal. For years I had not the patience for it. To me it was the dreariest of sports, the most unendurable of time-wasters. I liked my fish on the table, not on the hook. I wanted to have nothing to do with their catching. With their eating, yes; not their handling. Now, however, I can sit in a boat for hours, unaware of the passage of time. What used to make me nervous at present quiets my nerves. What I once held to be dull, I now know to be exciting.

To Mr. Hoover, my sons and I

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would be beneath contempt as fishermen. Ernest Hemingway would not admit our existence. Philip Wylie would accuse us of being victims of Momism. We are threats neither to denizens of the deep nor to citizens of the shallows. We are beginners, and the humblest and greenest of the tribe.

Don't ask us for the fancy names of fancy flies. Or expect us to be familiar with the ways and uses of costly rods. We were rodless (unless a friend would lend us one) until this summer. It was then that the older boy was presented with a beauty which, in moments of charity or fatigue, he would allow his younger brother or me to use. Even so, our fishing has not been spoiled because the rod has been spared.

WHEN guests of our betters, we have used squid and hermit crabs as bait. Yet chiefly we are of the garden worm or quahaug school, depending on whether we are in fresh water or in salt. I am afraid we would scandalize both Abercrombie and Fitch. Our creel, if we are fancy, is a rusty bucket; if we are not, a rowboat's bilgy bottom. We do not cast and then reel in. As yet we do not know how to. We merely drop our lines, hook, sinker, and bait, overboard —and then troll.

Our scale of fishing is pretentiously unpretentious. Nevertheless, we contend that the anglers' joys have been ours. We have endured those anguishing hours of catching nothing which are the perfect preparation for the delectable catches that follow them. Our stomachs, the true seismographs of fishermen, have distinguished between a nibble and a bite. We have felt the thrill of that tug which a hooked fish gives when the wrist and line shoot down and the heart shoots up.

We have experienced those hopes which soar each time until the unseen fish we are pulling in has been landed in the boat. We have thought we had a sizable flounder, and then discovered that what we had was only another miserable blowfish. Our best fish have, of course, always got away. Not even my six-year-old son had to be taught that one, or how, when telling of past conquests, to indicate their size by expansive gestures.

OURS has been the usual perplexity of catching specimens which for us were nameless until we could consult the captain. The boys have tasted the delights (could a Roman emperor have known greater?) of making triumphal entries at noon down the crowded main street of Vineyard Haven. They have come marching home burdened with what some have been mean enough to refer to as a "mess" of fish. Upon reaching the inn with their haul, theirs has been the genuine male pleasure of having female admirers look, or pretend to look, away in horror from what they as men have not shrunk from facing. They have also known the satisfactions (ultimately dubious) of having to eat more than they wanted of what they have caught.

If the older boy has brought in most of the edible fish, it is the younger one who has accumulated the greater number of misfits and curiosities. He is a veritable blowfish king. His appeal for sea robins and dogfish appears to be limitless. Once he almost forced the three of us out of the rowboat by pulling in a monster terrible to look upon, hard to exterminate, and as large as a kite, which

Babel

By Harold Vinal

AS ONCE in Babel,
This complexity of voices,
Understood only by the initiated—
The authentic vernacular
Of the homeland.
Greek, Syrian,
The strange dark licorice of Spanish,
The sweet gum drop of Italian.
The many oaths and queries,
The lispings, terrors, betrayals,
Swept like a monsoon down Broadway
Only to break in a bubble of inconsequence
Before the sunlight
Of plain American speech.

SCREEN

LIZABETH SCOTT
John HODIAK • Burt LANCASTER
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Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
with
DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • JAMES MITCHELL
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St. Evgs 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY

The Nation's Laugh Hit!
by GARSON KANIN
AIR COND.
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way

SCREEN

'HIGHLY ENTERTAINING'
—Life Magazine
SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
DANNY KAYE • VIRGINIA MAYO
and the Goldwyn Girls
The Secret Life of Walter Mitty
in TECHNICOLOR
ASTOR B'WAY & 45th ST.

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we later learned was a barndoor skate.

We have known our sorrows, too. Bad days when nothing would bite. Cheerless mornings when the scup we caught were of kindergarten age. Heartbreaking afternoons when only blowfish came our way, and these in armies rather than schools.

We have also sustained the grief of having the fastidious lady after whom the *Cassie B.* was named refuse to board her. Summer after summer, and day after day, we have begged her, pleaded with her, to come with us. Although she has been too kind to say no, she has never yet said yes. She has given us to understand, however, that women just aren't up to the terrible rigors of fishing. By this strategy she has patted the backs of her sons, and spared her shoes, her stockings, her summer dresses, her complexion, her nostrils, and her patience. Secretly we have been pleased, though deprived. As American men we have been surprised and grateful to be allowed the illusion of a world, however small, that was entirely male.

Of course, we have pitied the original Cassie because of the anglers' joys she has chosen to deny herself. Again let me insist that, even on our small scale, these are joys which we have known. If I use here a somewhat troubled past tense, it is because we have begun to grow dissatisfied with what the *Cassie B.* has to offer.

The harbor through which we have rowed to the breakwater and back has been crowded with tempting motorboats, with graceful sailboats, with fishing vessels large and small, and yachts of all sorts and sizes. These have meant that my sons have been free to compare our ways of fishing with those of other people. So have I. For the three of us these comparisons have become increasingly irksome.

We were unaware of them during the first blissful fishing summer. We were only mildly conscious of them last summer. But this year, I cannot lie, mutinous mutterings were heard aboard the *Cassie B.* I know because I joined in this chorus myself. "Gee, if we could only have a motorboat!" "Why can't we have a platform and a harpoon?" "Gosh, do we always have to stay in a dirty old rowboat when everyone else heads out to sea to get great big fish?" "Must we always catch scup and never tuna?"

I do not blame the other boats for these complaints. I really thank them. Pleasures cannot stand still. To remain pleasant they, too, must be progressive. After all, there was Plato's cave. In it, I have consoled myself by remembering, three people had sat with their backs to the entrance. They faced the light on the wall ahead of them, and were entirely happy because they never suspected there was a world outside. Then someone walked past the cave's opening. His shadow was cast on the wall in front of them. They realized that beyond the world in which they lived there was another. For the first time they wished to join it, and were unhappy because they were not part of it.

They had outgrown their cave, even as this summer we, as fishermen, began to outgrow the *Cassie B.* Like us, however, they had known their happiness. No shadow on the wall, no enlarging world, could take this away from them. The happiness my boys and I have known fishing together on the *Cassie B.* is equally secure. In this I find boundless satisfaction and trust that some day they will also. JOHN MASON BROWN.

Poetry.

It is inevitable, of course, that the poets of our time should be questioning their world and the meaning of life in general. Romantic or realist, they have been made deeply aware of the precariousness of human existence by the war which caught them in its toils either psychologically or physically. A poet like the Englishman W. J. Turner, in whom feeling predominates over philosophy, nevertheless displays the romantic at odds with the complications of his day, while one like Samuel Greenberg, whose literary career had hardly begun before his brief life was over, is deeply concerned not only with the present but the hereafter. Even a writer like Robert Payne, who believes that the poet's task is to praise, in the very act reflects his awareness of pressures about him. Through all these writings runs a strain of melancholy.

Romantic and Mystic

FOSSILS OF A FUTURE TIME? By W. J. Turner. New York: Oxford University Press. 1947. 143 *pp.* $3.

POEMS BY SAMUEL GREENBERG. A Selection from the Manuscripts. Edited with an introduction by Harold Holden and Jack McManis. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 117 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

W. J. TURNER, English poet and music critic, is near his sixties now; but his latest volume of verse, the first since 1936, with its quizzical title, suggests no flagging of talent. Here are over a hundred poems; one is struck immediately by the variety of forms, the variety of themes, the variety of diction, and, not rarely, the variety of influences, whether directly invoked or felt through the lines. Poetically Protean, and rather restlessly tossing against the various currents of our times (and sometimes in them), this writer's strong pictorial sense, love for music and the inexpressible, melancholy, and melody, show him characteristically not as a philosophical poet, but rather as a latter-day romantic.

If the English poet is a somewhat self-conscious romantic, the young poet Samuel Greenberg, who came at the age of seven from his birthplace in Vienna to New York's East Side only to die of tuberculosis at the age of twenty-three (in 1917), was an unselfconscious—or, at least, a more naïve—romantic. With the publication of 153 of his poems, the figure of this brilliant and pathetic boy emerges into the light of American poetic history. Hitherto, Greenberg has been little more than a footnote to the work of Hart Crane, almost a guilty secret—for Crane, as we now know, copied his "Emblems of Conduct" almost entirely from Greenberg's "Conduct" (which he had seen in manuscript after Greenberg's death) without acknowledging its source.

Greenberg was a true mystic, whose poetry seems often close to automatic.

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Although he began to write before the symptoms of his illness appeared, his greatest poetic activity coincided with his visits to hospitals. No wonder, then, that his poetry often crosses the borderline between the reality and the vision—with the result, as Allen Tate says, that at its best it combines "direct physical sight with imaginative insight" to produce a "double vision" like Blake's. His insufficient education perhaps helped as much as it hindered: in his prose "Autobiography," reproduced in this volume, he writes, "My vocabulary has a great memory for foolish bliss, rather poor in careful selection and of grammatic assistance unguided. . . . I wrote anywhere, read merely to gain letters for the sake of rhyme, rewrote books, recited in a furnished room all alone. . . ."

As one reads this volume, studded with startling images, fragments of an undoubted genius, one feels the pathos of this dying East Side Chatterton reciting "in a furnished room all alone." But the room is sometimes wonderfully furnished!

Red-Gold Rain

THE ROSE TREE. By Robert Payne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1947. 157 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by STARR NELSON

ROBERT PAYNE, whose remarkable fecundity of prose in praise of China is equally remarkable for its fecund beauty of language, gives us in "The Rose Tree" a collection of his poems. Not all of these poems praise that which is China, to be sure—but the best ones do. The title-poem, long and somewhat Whitmanesque in its rhythms, is an elegiac rhapsody written in April 1945, after the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. While there is much that is meritorious in the poem it is far less memorable in its cumulative effect than is, for instance, the poem entitled "China," whose twenty-seven quatrains capture, in the dreaming of a naked sampan boy, some thousand years of exotic and tragic history. This poem is a concentrated essence of Oriental passions.

In an interesting note on the poems "For a Chinese Soldier," which constitute the second section of the book, Mr. Payne attacks the famous phrase "The Poetry is in the Pity; all that a poet can do is to warn." Mr. Payne pays tribute to the author of these sentiments by referring to him as the greatest of modern war poets; nevertheless he disagrees; he feels that the poet's task in our time is neither to pity nor to warn, but to praise—to praise all that remains to be praised; and that includes all life, since all life is holy. And so Robert Payne's poetry praises. It praises with a quite extraordinary vigor and often with a delicate grace as well—this latter virtue being most apparent in a section of love "Songs" and in "The Green Bodice," a haunting wreath of lyrics comprising a requiem for a girl

(*Continued on page* 37)

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

DESIRE UNDER THE PALMS

TO FOLK who inhabit the land east of the Mississippi, there is a general belief that Californians are a distinct and partisan group, as readily recognizable as redheads, Texans, or Swedes. Californians, they say, may be singled out as persons given generally to flamboyant sportswear which they would just as well wear to the office as they would to an appointment with Vic Norman at the Beverly-Wilshire pool. Their women are believed to be blonde, sun-tanned, and sun-goggled, and when they're not hustling to sit bespelled under the incantations of a new cultist who is simply the last word, darling, they are off shopping in the canyons of a king-sized super market that makes a piker out of the A & P. Man and wife they live, nine million of them, in a place they find free of rain, abundant of sun, a glorious, glamorous, colorful, 160,000-square-mile tract of source material for contrived jokes by radio comedians.

Probably California is all of this, but certainly, for the vacationer, it is a lot more. New transportation facilities are due to open the West for extended tourist travel, expand its many attractions, explode its many myths. Today Union Pacific runs seven-day-a-week service to three West Coast cities via its crack streamliners, the "City of Los Angeles," "City of San Francisco," and the "City of Portland." Each train makes the run from Chicago in the same time, thirty-nine and three-quarter hours, and each, in the manner of the Western railroads, carries barber chairs, beauty shop, showers, and news tickers. American, United and TWA all fly to the Coast at fares under $150. American's "Mercury," as an example, flies west from New York to Los Angeles in eleven hours and one minute, returns in nine and a half hours.

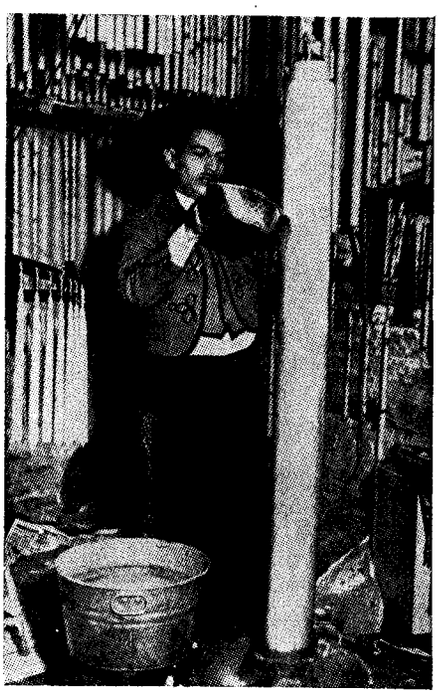
This time of year, up in the Evergreen country, in the nation's corner pocket, sportsmen are tuning up for the big game hunt for mountain lion, mountain goat, and bear. In the Columbia River area fishermen will be after sturgeon that can weigh better than three hundred pounds. At Timberline Lodge, sixty miles from Portland, skiers will soon flock in for the winter run along the Mt. Hood trails.

But down in the land of the Big Sun, Southern California is just unfolding what it likes to call its "second summer." All the seashore hotels from San Diego to Santa Barbara cater to the fall and winter tourist. Lake Arrowhead, in the San Bernardino Mts., is open all winter, the Victorville section, dude ranch country, is a big, late-season attraction, and the famous resort at Palm Springs will not open until the desert weather cools off this month.

As the autumn leaves turn in the East, California will point to its pole-straight fan palms which shed no leaves, and to its scented eucalyptus whose green shoots burst higher than a hundred feet. When the frost is on the Eastern pumpkin, California will look to its thousands of acres of red, green, yellow, and blue grapes that stretch up into the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains. When it's Christmas down on the farm, Altadena will string 6000 colored bulbs among its Himalayan cedars, proclaim the Yuletide spectacle of its "mile of deodars."

In any season California can point to its lake which is the deepest in the country, and to its Sequoia trees which are the oldest living things on earth. For this is the land of the third-degree superlative. In Mt. Whitney it has the highest pinnacle in the United States. Eighty miles away is Death Valley which, because it is the lowest point in the nation, seems a fitting memorial to those sunkissed radio people who have immortalized, for us in the world outside, such esoteric bits of Californiana as the suburb of Pamona, the intersection at Sunset and Vine, Romanoff's restaurant, and the Lux soapflake, which has gotten inside more Hollywood dressing rooms than Jimmy Fidler.

HORACE SUTTON.



—*"California Lure."*
In the "land of the third-degree superlative," a six-foot candle.

No Inhibitions

MY L.A. By Matt Weinstock. New York: A. A. Wynn. 1947. 239 pp. $3.

Reviewed by EARL WILSON

"LOS ANGELES today is conservative," writes Matt Weinstock in his vastly entertaining book, "My L. A.," and then, having said it, he proves he's a liar.

"Conservative"—this fellow on the paper says. With Sunny Wisecarver; Jim Moran, the guy who hatched an ostrich egg; Madman Muntz, the auto dealer who advertises on billboards that he's crazy; Painless Parker, the instalment plan dentist; Avak, the healer; Orson Welles, Frank Sinatra, and Chamber of Commerce Characters who tell you the city will some day have 15,000,000 population, it's conservative?

N. Y. is seven or eight times as big as L. A. but L. A. is about seven or eight times as screwy as N. Y.

And Weinstock, an ex-managing editor who's now columnist for the *Los Angeles Daily News,* spreads the city's delirium on every page of this book with a light touch. Weinstock writes a column about L. A.—not

—*American Airlines.*
On the beaches a "second summer."

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about Hollywood. L. A. is a city without inhibitions. Weinstock relates that a suburban newspaper, the *Manhattan Beach Messenger*, thought nothing of running this ad: "Wanted: This newspaper will pay 50¢ each for the first four copies of Sears large catalogue brought to this office. Reason, paper shortage in the editor's throne room."

In L. A., a teacher asked a fourteen-year-old to define "straight."

"Without ginger ale," he replied promptly.

If L. A. passes N. Y.—and the "Angelinos" think this is merely a matter of minutes—this book will be a classic because it's the best ever done about L. A. Weinstock recalls Sister Aimee's career. "Her flock always felt that the papers misused her," he says, and adds, as though recanting too late, "In a sense they were right."

Weinstock's book, like his column, is loaded with laughs.

In 1941 he ran a simple item: "Not so soon will the gents forget an episode at Sixth and Hill. As a blonde young lady stepped from a street car, her girdle fell off."

Scores of females wrote in bawling him out for such naïveté. He confessed in his column, "The rumor that I have the girdle situation in hand is without foundation." United Press plunged in, asked the glamour-pusses whether girdles did or did not slip off, and Weinstock found himself front-paged across the nation.

Syndicated columnist and front man for The New York Post, *Earl Wilson is the author of two books mainly of New York and Hollywood, and variegated points between.*

Also About the West

Evergreen Land. By Nard Jones. New York: Dodd, Mead. 1947. 276 pp. $3.50. (A nine-notch novelist of the Northwest whittles a biography of his native State of Washington.)

San Francisco Bay Cities. By Josef Muench. New York: Hastings House. 1947. 101 pp. $2.50. (Nice, clean photographs and standard cut-lines bound into a thin book.)

Look at America: The Central Northwest. By the editors of *Look* with Wallace Stegner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1947. 393 pp. $5. (A *Look*'s eye view of the wheatlands and the West short of the coastal states.)

Surviving Frontier

WESTWARD HOW! By Fred Bond. San Francisco: Camera Craft Publishing Co. 1947. Illustrated with photographs by the author. 324 *pp.* $6.95.

PACIFIC CREST TRAILS. By Joseph T. Hazard. Seattle: Superior Publishing Co. 1947. 317 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

FROM the twelfth floor of the Olympic Hotel in Seattle the traveler can look out across Puget Sound and see the forest fastnesses of the Olympic Peninsula, the greatest stand of virgin timber yet growing on the North American continent. This proximity of wilderness and metropolis is part of the fascination of the West. Man has built vast cities in a region not fully conquered.

Although the three states of the Pacific seaboard have experienced a larger population gain since 1940 than the other forty-five states combined, the Far West is still a land of mountain solitudes and gaunt desert plateaus. From one of the new streamlined trains, with its thick carpets and ornate solariums, the wayfarer can glimpse swales of fir and pine

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through which white men have yet to break a trail. Perhaps when industrialization grips the Coast, the wilderness at last will be gone. But today, at least a piece of the original American frontier survives.

These two books are admirably suited to the Western visitor, whether he would travel in a tonneau or on shoe pacs fitted with crampons. Fred Bond, with a camera more graphic than words, has visited the conventional places—Yosemite, Catalina Island, Boulder Dam, Sun Valley, Mount Rainier, Oregon's rocky seacoast. He evaluates the spots as to grandeur and majesty, and he tells at what speed and shutter openings he took his impressive photographs. Mr. Bond's text is only mildly informative, but his pictures are among the best ever taken of the magnificent vistas of the West.

In "Westward How!" he has performed a service which other travel books might copy. Descriptions of scenery often resort to so many superlatives that the reader is hard put to it to decide which place to visit. Mr. Bond solves this by grading each spot with stars. Four stars is his top rating. And it is interesting that Mr. Bond's judgments coincide with those of the pioneer naturalists such as Muir and Mather who crusaded for the National Parks. Four stars invariably go to Glacier, Crater Lake, Yellowstone, and the rest. Nor can a congenital Westerner help but nod in agreement when Mr. Bond calls Mount Rainier the grandest peak in the land.

Mr. Hazard's volume is a different kind of book. It will appeal to the rugged character who scorns the assistance of the internal-combustion engine. The author has climbed great peaks from Alaska to Mexico, and he tells how he did it. Alaska, as usual, dwarfs even the cosmic dimensions of the Pacific Northwest, and one can only wish that it were not so long a journey to look on Mount McKinley's 20,300-foot summit. "Pacific Crest Trails" is useful if you want to ascend a mountain, whether it be a big brute of a mountain like McKinley or a far lesser climb such as 9,700-foot Mount St. Helens in the State of Washington.

Particularly encouraging to the traveler who has looked on mountain-climbing as a sport devoid of contact with the opposite sex, is the fact that Mr. Hazard is meeting female alpinists on even the most formidable treks. Now that Mrs. Bradford Washburn has reached McKinley's awesome heights, it may be that no pinnacle is closed to females. Soon even the sternest tales of the outdoors will not be without romance or movie possibilities.

For the experienced climber, the Alaska Range and the Canadian Rockies offer the greatest challenge. But the adventurer with stout legs, willing heart, and some sense of fear will find safe yet rewarding feats in the Cascades of the Northwest and the Sierras of California.

Soldier, legislator, author, Richard Neuberger is a feature writer for The Oregonian *and contributor to many another national publication on life in the North and West.*

These of Our Loins

By Hassoldt Davis

NONE may know surely the verb of the beast
and its derelict heart.

Is this the verb to destroy us,
or is it the quiet, curled comma of peace?

We must be thrifty with love and expend it
with only the lonely small coins which our terror
has earned us.

None may know surely the verb.

None may know surely the pulse of the bright
asteroids, or the heart of Orion,
the waste of the beast, where we live.

Hold to the verb of the beast, and be guided
with terrible vowels to these, these our commas
of consonant peace.

These, of our loins, are the verb.

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POETRY

(Continued from page 33)

who died in childbirth. There is a section of "Prayers" (prayer is always praise, the poet reminds us), and one called "For the Heroes."

But to say that these are vigorous poems of praise is not enough! The publishers of "The Rose Tree" forbid unauthorized reproduction "in any form" of any part of the book—which makes things difficult for a reviewer eager to convey to potential readers the startling color and flavor of Robert Payne's poetry. Without quoting passages, lines, or even phrases, one can, however, say this much: the poems make lavish use of word-symbols that radiate heat, light, or physical energy:—*gold, the Lion, the Tiger, bronze, green fire, flames, embers, the Sun, etc.*,—all perfectly familiar words (no scientific vocabulary here!), but with them Mr. Payne works as purposefully as a composer with a handful of familiar tones. And under his touch the words acquire a symbolic life-heat that becomes increasingly urgent as we read on. In the twenty-nine lines of "The Gold Singer" the word *gold*, or *golden*, appears nineteen times. Nor is this in any sense a trick poem. Passionately serious, the poem begins in golden light and ends in tiger-gold. In "The Red-Gold Rain," which follows it, Christ, and not the Tiger, appears. "After the Flood," in all its Biblical rhythms, is a very Jubilate of the senses. This is certainly a splendid, and perhaps a great, poem of praise, successfully fusing pagan and scriptural elements and images. But from this point on the creative frenzy, both in the poet and in his recurrent symbols, intensifies to such a degree that with some readers antimony is likely to occur. So charged with blood and gold are the lines that with the continual piling on of more color and animal heat sensuous reaction begins, in converse ratio, to dwindle; one longs at last for something austere, direct, cold, and hard as a tombstone. One feels, then, that it is possible to overlionize Life!

Despite faintly disturbing echoes of considerably older and greater poets —of Yeats, Whitman, Donne, Hopkins, even of Shakespeare ("There were pearls that were his eyes")—the total effect of these poems is that of a new voice. It may be that Robert Payne's best writing is to be found in the distinguished prose of his "Forever China." But to read "The Rose Tree" straight through is an exciting experience. Here, at last, is a poet with a tongue of gold!

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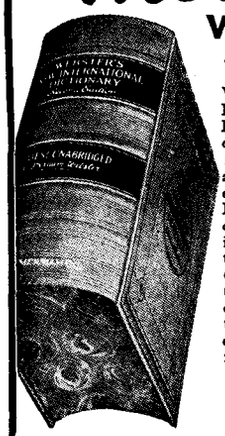

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NEW EDITIONS

HAVING spent the better part of a week with the 900 pages of George Eliot's "Middlemarch" (Oxford Press, World's Classics, $1.90), I am ready to agree with R. M. Hewitt, who introduces it, that this is a novel which one can place, "without a sense of incongruity, on the same shelf with Tolstoy and Balzac." This is not what we were taught in school, where "Middlemarch" was dismissed cavalierly, if mentioned at all, while "The Mill on the Floss" and "Adam Bede" were gravely praised. Even George Saintsbury, great critic that he was, failed to realize that George Eliot's genius found its fullest and deepest expression in her development of the characters of Lydgate, Bulstrode, Rosamond Vincy, and the Reverend Edward Casaubon.

The world of "Middlemarch" has social, psychological, and moral density; action that is progressive, logical, and dramatic; lively dialogue, and a generous admixture of wit. ("Mrs. Cadwallader said privately, 'You will certainly go mad in that house alone, my dear. You will see visions. We all have got to exert ourselves a little to keep sane, and call things by the same names as other people call them by. To be sure, for younger sons and women who have no money, it is a sort of provision to go mad; they are taken care of then.' ") It is true that the author did not succeed as well with her supposedly central character as with her subsidiary figures; that we become far more interested in Lydgate and Rosamond than we can ever be in Dorothea and Ladislaw; that Bulstrode—"unhappy man who had longed for years to be better than he was"—looms unexpectedly and impressively large as the story proceeds. But this is only to say that the novel is not perfect. It is still great. The ruin of Lydgate, thanks to one of the most devotedly selfish women of fiction, is beautifully managed. The analysis of Bulstrode's conscience and conduct, of his humility in the sight of God and his behavior in the walks of men, is the work of a novelist who, at her best, moves easily and authoritatively in the first rank of her kind.

It is time for "Middlemarch" to be read by a generation that does not know it.

With the second volume of "The Minor Poems" ($8.50), the monumental Johns Hopkins Press variorum edition of Edmund Spenser's poetry, begun by the late Edwin Greenlaw, and superbly printed by the Oxford University Press, is now complete, thanks to the scholarship and industry of Charles Grosvenor Osgood and his associates. This volume contains, notably, the "Amoretti," the "Epithalamion," and the "Prothalamion." It also contains three times as many pages of notes and other scholarly apparatus as it does pages of Spenser's original text. One must respect the scholarship, but one should not forget that a single line of Spenser's —such a line as "Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end by Song"— is worth all the notes of all the editors who have laid their centuries of glosses, notes, and conjectures upon the poet's back.

Two of the best murder stories of our time, which means of any time, are by Francis Iles: "Before the Fact" and "Malice Aforethought." The second has just been issued as a Pocket Book (25¢), so, if you have not read it before, you may read it now at a bargain price. In another Pocket Book, "Castle Skull," John Dickson Carr lets his imagination run on a loose rein, for the entertainment of those who like their mysteries to have a Gothic flavor. . . . And Graham Greene, whose first novel, "The Man Within," has been reissued by Viking Press ($2), is the subject of a shrewd study by Donat O'Donnell in the summer number of *Chimera*, a number exclusively devoted to articles on detective fiction.

If you would like to build a boat, run a one-man poultry farm, or do a bit of fishing with a thermometer, the old and reliable publishing house of Grosset & Dunlap is ready to help you. The editors of *Popular Science* have put together a book called "Boats Anyone Can Build" ($2.98). Haydn S. Pearson has written "How To Run a One-Man Poultry Farm" ($1.49), and Frank R. Steel tells all about "Bait Casting with a Thermometer" ($1.50). The last smacks somewhat unsportingly of science. "Fish," Mr. Steel assures us, "are governed almost completely by the conditions under which they live," and he is prepared to go to any length to get the little robots on a hook.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Listening

PROGRAM COUNCILS

IN A RECENT issue this column described the work of a typical listener council, the trade designation for any quasi-formal group of radio set owners who meet periodically with radio station officials in their area for the purpose of pursuing, together, a more ideal radio service for their community. A supplementary operation, equally necessary, is the Program Production Council.

The general aims of a production council are to pool an area's cultural, informational, and educational resources, and make them available to broadcasters under an integrated plan. A broader objective is to render to the local educational and civic groups a radio program service so that program material offered by these groups is brought to the station's listeners as professionally and palatably as possible.

Although the need for such a service appears obvious to the average listener, the unfortunate fact remains that there are only four such councils functioning now in the United States. The oldest, and the one covering the largest area, and the one spending the greatest amount of money is the Rocky Mountain Radio Council of Denver, Colo. The other three are: the Community Radio Council of Winston-Salem, N. C.; the Lowell Institute Cooperative Radio Council of Boston, Mass.: and the Saginaw Radio Council of Saginaw, Mich.

The latter three councils operate only on a city-wide basis, with listeners, of course, being scattered as widely as the stations concerned can be heard. The Rocky Mountain Radio Council, on the other hand, is regional in its scope, and serves the entire states of Wyoming and Colorado, with beneficiary listeners in the several surrounding states.

For reasons of its scope, as well as its longer history, the Rocky Mountain Council can serve as a model operation for any size area.

Although the council's headquarters have been in Denver from the start, Dr. Arthur Crane, president of the University of Wyoming, and chairman of the National Committee on Education by Radio, was the principal person concerned with its organization. He called a series of meetings, attended by civic and educational leaders in both states, and early in 1940 the council was incorporated as a formal body. Robert Hudson, now with the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York, was called in to be the director of the council, and under his guidance grade-A radio facilities were made available, for the first time, to member organizations. Membership was extended to thirteen colleges and universities in the two states, and to nineteen civic and cultural groups.

Membership in the council commits an organization to an annual retainer fee which entitles each group to consultation and advice in the preparation of programs which they wish to offer to local radio stations. But it is the council that undertakes the actual representation of the organization to the stations, securing time and overseeing productions.

In these first seven years, though, income from fees and memberships has been insufficient to cover the extensive capital investment necessary for equipment, and foundation grants were secured to assist the group.

Naturally, no one realizes more than the people who work with these councils how the continued reliance on grants vitiates the abilities of the members to compete in the commercial market. Only when these councils develop services of a truly commercial character inside the limited scope of their objectives will they be able to contemplate a permanency.

The present director of the Rocky Mountain Council, Allen Miller, is attempting to recast the financial structure of his group so that the bulk of its expenses are met from production fees, so that further grants need not be sought at all. To that end he has assembled a permanent staff consisting of an associate director, a writer-producer, and two engineers. This group forms a nucleus of professional personnel whose combined salary requirements would be beyond the means of any but the largest stations in the area. The services of this group are at the disposal of local advertisers, advertising agencies, and radio stations, as well as of member educational organizations. It is anticipated that they will contract for enough radio production work from year to year to put the council on a self-supporting basis. This enables local advertisers to develop network quality programs,

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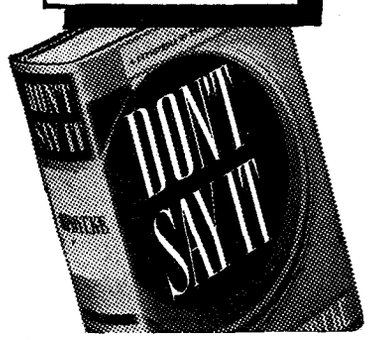

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and it further insures public service broadcasters of facilities and assistance on a professional level at charges they can afford, for the council, being a non-profit corporation, is obliged to spend any income beyond its expenses on the development of cultural programs.

In many respects, the idea of the advertisers' themselves indirectly footing the bill for an adequate public service comes closest to the ideal of a strong and free commercial radio system. Radio stations, being the franchise holders for broadcast frequencies, customarily make financial contributions toward a greater public service by their gifts of broadcast time to civic and community groups. They should not be asked to foot the entire bill, program and production costs, in addition to loss of revenue. The advertisers, though, are direct beneficiaries of the American system, having available the vast audiences developed by good programming.

The council membership, likewise, should be extended to include advertisers, advertising agencies, and radio stations. It is to the advantage of all of them to have a highly professional production group at hand.

Allen Miller does not anticipate that membership by radio stations and other commercial radio users will contribute greatly to the annual budget. The principal purpose of extending the membership is the insurance of a healthy participation by every pertinent organization. With a wide, active membership, it will bring to the general audience in its area not only more finely finished commercial programs, but expertly tailored educational and public service programs. Annual campaigns by such groups as the Community Chest, Red Cross, and other welfare agencies will be fitted into over-all yearly patterns. If emergencies arise, a mechanism is already available for harnessing the area's radio facilities.

From a longer view, the council provides a training ground for radio personnel. Too frequently in the past young people who might have developed program material of genuine value have found no place where they might be trained.

The experience of the four councils indicates that an active and valuable organization can be operated on an annual budget as low as Winston-Salem's $2,000, or on as lavish a scale as is carried out in Denver for $32,000. For more intimate details of operation and organization, you may write to the Rocky Mountain Radio Council, 21 E. 18th Ave., Denver.

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THEY WERE DEAD BUT THEY WOULDN'T LIE DOWN

Each of the characters in this week's quiz has been pictured by the author as living after death. How many of them do you recognize? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name and another 5 for the name of the story, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 44.

1. This old Dutch nurseryman returned after his death to rectify the mistakes he had made because of his stubbornness during life.
2. When this country doctor died and went to heaven he couldn't stand the monotony, so he went to hell in his Model T and hung out his shingle there.
3. Called back during a seance, this first wife stayed right on and caused the death of the second wife, who also materialized under similar conditions, all to the great distress of the husband.
4. After this barrister died in a mountain-climbing accident at the same moment as his beloved was killed in a motor crash, they kept their rendezvous at a dance that night.
5. After serving 16 years in hell following his death in an attempted holdup, this charming scoundrel was allowed to return to earth for one day in order to do a good deed.
6. After this bookkeeper had been executed for murdering his boss, he spent the next 25 years operating a heavenly adding machine.
7. When a conservative banker bought the smart roadster in which this gay young lady and her husband had been killed, they spent the summer with him.
8. A New Orleans landlady's dead husband suggested that if she threw a party for her roomers one of them would be more likely to propose to her, then attended the party to help her along.
9. This young drunkard was the first of the passengers on a ship to realize that they were all dead.
10. This girl sat in a cemetery with her dead mother-in-law and watched her own funeral services.

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(Continued from page 10)

cartoons to illustrate science stories. A few papers, notably *PM*, have pioneered in that kind of illustration for other types of stories and shown that it is a practical idea. With skill and resourcefulness, a science department could be at least as attractive as crossword puzzles and quiz columns.

Newspaper science reporting suffers from a curious, double-headed disease: it is both trivial and stuffy. Most stories are either so oversimplified or so full of technical terms that hardly anybody can understand them. A librarian's survey in New Jersey turned up the significant fact that most readers consider science reports in newspapers too technical; they much preferred the science stories in popular magazines. This is simply an indication of newspaper laziness. There is no point in publishing a science story that readers cannot understand. The newspaper's job is one of translation, and a science reporter, who really knows his job and understands what he is talking about, ought to be able to explain at least the fundamentals of any scientific story (except, of course, in higher mathematics).

THE SCIENTIFIC curiosity of readers, as the large-circulation Sunday supplements, in their own perverted way, have shown, is not restricted to super-dramatic events like the atomic bomb. Readers are hungry for information about health, medicine, technology, invention, the nature of the universe. Medical discoveries have lengthened the average life span and made man useful and employable for a longer period. New cotton pickers may throw millions of farm hands out of work in our Southern states. The high cost of modern medical care has produced great pressure for social medicine. Such great changes and social pressures generate informational wants and needs that the press must somehow satisfy. The press should feel a sense of guilt about the fact that, according to polls in 1946, six out of ten Americans had never heard or read about the Wagner-Murray-Dingell health insurance bill in Congress. The fact does not speak well for the service of information the press is providing. The press may be able to point out, for the record, that many papers did mention the bill, but they did not go out of their way to explain or call attention to it.

Science presents a great, unexplored opportunity to the press On the stage of world affairs it occupies an increasingly prominent, not to say dominant, place. We are convinced that if newspapers gave science really serious attention, it would pay dividends, in circulation and press prestige.

Science, in the social as well as the physical realm, is important to a modern democracy, for democracy functions best in a climate of public respect for facts and for expertness. Moreover, science is a universal, unifying language; like music, it makes the whole world kin. Its most momentous achievement, the atomic bomb, was the joint product of Austrian, German, Italian, Danish, British, French, and American scientists. The world-wide fraternity of science gives us an international bond which the press is bound to develop and safeguard. Freedom of science and freedom of the press are two sides of the same coin.

Milton, Mill & Co.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS: A FRAMEWORK OF PRINCIPLE. By William Ernest Hocking. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1947. xi + 239 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

IMPORTANT as is the subject of freedom of the press (including freedom of speech, radio, and related freedoms), a discussion of principles underlying and defining the scope of the freedom is rarely found Some Justices of the Supreme Court and Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of Harvard, have written provocatively on the subject of freedom of the press, but for serious struggles with questions of principle one must still resort to the writings of John Milton and John Stuart Mill. From now on, however, it will not be farfetched to speak in this connection of Milton, Mill, and Hocking.

For William Ernest Hocking, professor of philosophy, emeritus, of Harvard, based on the report from the Commission on Freedom of the Press (sponsored by *Time* and the "Encyclopedia Britannica" through the University of Chicago [*SRL* Apr. 5]), struggles with questions of principle, as Jacob struggled with the angel, until they are answered. The book is worthy of the author, his subject, and the commission.

Freedom of the press is abused

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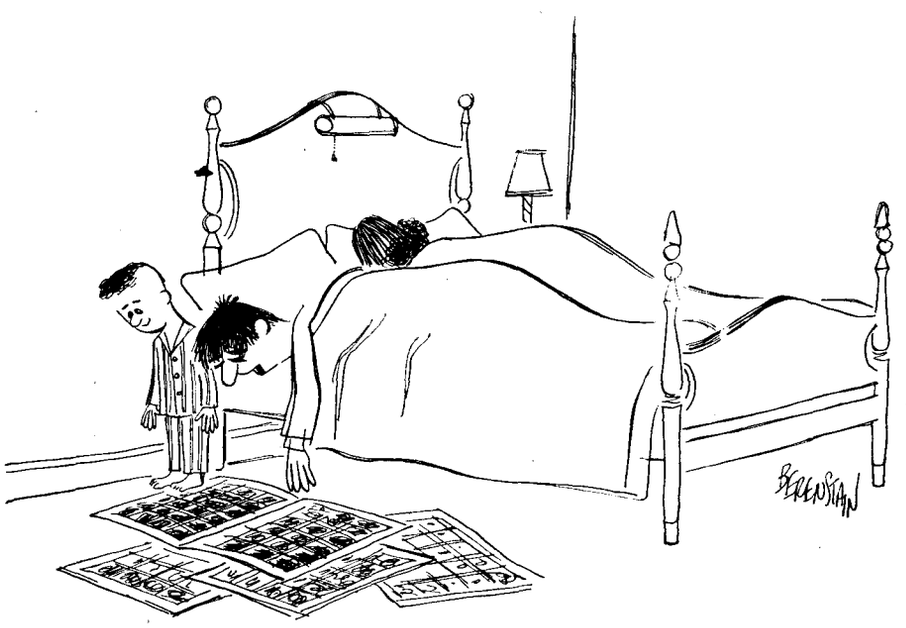
when the limits of the tolerable are passed. Are the limits the same today as they were in the days of Milton, or even in the days of Mill? Hocking's answer to this question is in the negative, for the press today is not what it was then; it has functions today which it never before had: that of publicity, that of the umpire, and that of emotional interpretation. These new functions make the problem of freedom of the press "as much a public concern as the problem of the freedom of metropolitan chimneys and factories to exude their output into the common air, together with the wind, rain, and sunlight, the wide products of the skies." Does the press have the freedom to confuse public debate, to breed rancor in the world by spreading international falsehood, to degrade the arts? The answer, says Hocking, is to be found in the belief that freedom is made a legal right because of conscience. A person who rejects conscience impliedly rejects the reason for the grant of the right. There must be good will in the exercise of the right. Freedom of the press is a moral right, based on nonpolitical duties of the individual. It is the obligation of government to exercise in behalf of freedom sanctions against sabotage, blackmail, and corruption.

In principle, therefore, government need not recognize claims to the right of free press when the claimant is a liar, a writer whose judgments can be bought, or a malicious inflamer of unjust hatred. The law prohibits libel and slander, misbranding of goods, obscenity, incitement to riot, sedition. Should the law provide remedies also against falsehoods in news reporting, corrupt editorial writers, and inflamers of hatred? But legal remedies are inherently inept; "every new definition of an abuse invites abuse of the definition"; in the vast majority of cases the state should leave the abuses without legal remedy. Only when expression becomes equivalent to aggressive action—false propaganda or outrageously false report, especially in regard to international situations affecting peace,—when public security and order are endangered, the state ought to act.

The principles and their consequences in application are worked out by Hocking patiently, though his statements are not always free from ambiguities and uncertainties. The book does not provide all the answers; it does not speak the last word on the subject of press freedom; but it does raise fundamental issues in terms of contemporary conditions, and it does demonstrate that the issues will not be satisfactorily settled unless our thinking is conducted in terms of principles and hypotheses that lend themselves to tests that are acknowledged to be morally and socially satisfactory. Whether the investigator is as much of a Kantian as is Hocking is not of ultimate importance. What is important is that, with Hocking, he recognize the problem of freedom as one that can be solved only in terms of a system of moral philosophy. Not many students of public affairs will accept Hocking's method of thinking or his conclusions, but they will acknowledge that at least he determines the questions which they should think about.



". . . then Wonderman turns the crooks over to the police and as he leaps into the air and flies away, Jane and Jimmy yell: 'It's Wonderman, look at him go!' . . . There, now go away and let me sleep."

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The New Recordings

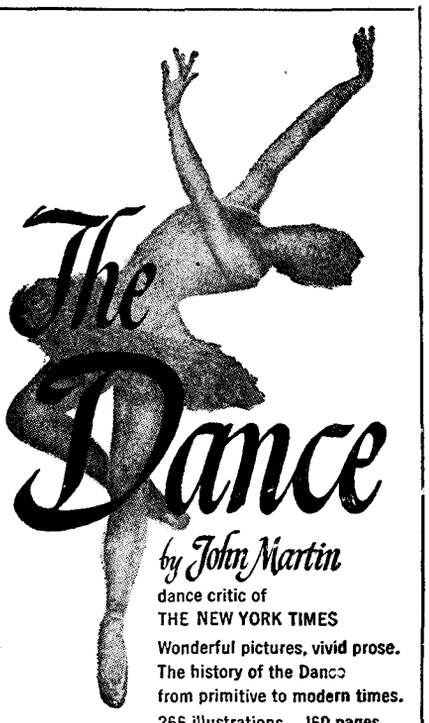
COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
GLAZOUNOFF, RAYMONDA BALLET MUSIC. Boston Pops, Fiedler. Victor M 1133 (4) $4.80	A gorgeously big, live, over-all type recording, with considerably better highs than most recent Victors. An augury? Hope so.	A—	Good for the Pops! As always not great but good music, superbly, buoyantly played. Tchaikovsky-style ballet music with Gounod, Wagner intermixed—but lightly.
SCHUMANN, SYMPHONY #4 IN D MINOR. Eugene Goossens, Cincinnati Symphony. Victor M 1124 (3) $3.80	Fresher, more lively than pre-war Walter set (V 837) though less bass, about same on highs. Can't touch Raymonda (above).	A—	Stands up beautifully to Walter's London Symph. version (VM 837) though with differing tempi. Highly sympathetic, bit on the mercurial side.
STRAUSS, LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME (INCIDENTAL MUSIC) 1912. Pittsburgh Symphony Orch. Reiner. Columbia M 693 (5)$7.05	A precise, rather dead recording, brilliant highs; suits chamber character of music. Fine "high fidelity" effects.	A	This light, chamber-like post-tone-poem Strauss charmingly lacks usual bombast—possibly his best period. Related to Rosenkavalier. Fine, careful performance.
DEBUSSY, SONATA #2 (1915). Laura Newell, harp; M. Katims, viola; J. Wummer, flute. Columbia X 282 (2) $3.30	Rather low-level, to suit music; excellent highs, not sharp and steely. Players on the close side.	A—	Another sonata (*SRL* Sept. 20), this one for diff. instruments, diff. performers. Congrats to Columbia for music-first policy this implies. Quiet, liquid music, Afternoon-of-Faunish.

PICKERING

THE TWO outstanding new-type wide-range pickup cartridges now available (with necessary preamplifier) are the GE (*SRL* May 24) and the Pickering. The Pickering is more expensive, gives comparable wide-range performance, and in some practical respects is even better than the GE. Physically easy to handle, it is instantly removable via a keystone clip and slip-on connections. Though the GE is stronger than it looks, the Pickering seems indestructible; I have seen it hurled slantwise against a record, without damage. The jewel point, springily mounted, barely emerges from a round hole with raised edges, into which it retires when pressed.

In practical home use several other differences between the two are noticeable. Needle talk, almost nonexistent in the GE, seems more noticeable in the Pickering, though still less so than in the average crystal. For this reason the GE is preferable in open installations where its remarkable silence is a blessing; the Pickering does better with a cover on. For replacement in a changer I would suggest the Pickering as less likely to be damaged, and for another reason: though both pickups are designed for ultra light weight operation, the GE seems to lose highs as the weight is increased; the Pickering response remains steady from a very light weight to a considerable one. Thus if you can't easily lighten up your changer arm, the Pickering is indicated. (This might account too for the more uneven reproduction by the GE of warped and badly grooved records. The Pickering seems less temperamental.)

As to ready-made preamplifiers, the GE's response is evidently altered to fit public taste; its highs and lows are weak; nor am I too sure of its "flatness" either, by the sound. The Pickering preamplifier, considerably more expensive, looks like a better job. Either pickup will run reasonably well on the other's preamplifier, their characteristics being nearly enough alike. A good many newly announced amplifiers come built to match one or the other of these pickups, and a variety of pickup arms and other more complex equipment is appearing that is designed specifically to take the new pickups. They're here to stay. EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.



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the Phoenix Nest

1853

THE GANGWAY guns had moved the Japanese
backward in martial strength to bow
to Matt's demands; the Ambassadors
from the quaint Land of Screens had shown
passionate interest in all firearms.
They asked their "visitors" to tell them how
to make percussion caps. . . . This land,
long isolate, knew it must learn the game
of pillaging and force. Before we left
we put into their hands (eager and quick)
a howitzer and told them how to cast
cannon with nine-inch bores, and Matt
promised America would send more guns.
Perry with the help of Paixhans had
gained his two treaty ports and now
an odd exchange of gifts took place.
From us to them: three hundred feet
of track, one tender, firearms,
a pruning saw, a set of Audubon,
cordials and cartridges and soap,—
these were the tokens of our amnesty.
The inmates of the Hermit Land were pleased
and offered us, in turn:
sweets in small wooden boxes (all their gifts
though trivial were nicely wrapt)
birds of white shell, dewy camellias,
silks, and intricacies of stone.

HOWARD GRIFFIN.

* * *

The following is from Fernandina, Fla.,—the writer, F. H. Kaler:

> May be 'twas the icy sweat common to students who try to trail the partitive genitive to her lair, but I've never forgotten cold words from "Beowulf":
>
> Nis paet feor heonon milgemearces paet se mere standed ofer paen hongiad hrinde bearwas. . . .
>
> Unraveled, it comes out:
>
> *It is not far hence measured by miles that the pool stands. Over which hang rimy groves. . . .*

The whole passage describing Greadel's verse is the coldest picture I know. If, being young, you ever touched tongue tip to shiny wagon tire on a clear, cold morning; yes, even if with bare hands you have tried to rip a tray of ice cubes from a frosty unit, this passage can pierce the marrow. So can Frost's "Fire and Ice." Next to these for chills, I'd hate to meet a Snow-Snake from Flash Gordon.

* * *

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Return of Peter Grimm," by David Belasco. 2. "Doc Mellhorn and the Pearly Gates," by Stephen Vincent Benét. 3. Elvira Condomine, in "Blithe Spirit," by Noel Coward. 4. Colin Curtis, in "Forever," by Mildred Cram. 5. "Liliom," by Ferenc Molnar. 6. Mr. Zero, in "The Adding Machine," by Elmer Rice. 7. Marion Kerby, in "Topper," by Thorne Smith. 8. Numa Candy, in "Mrs. Candy and Saturday Night," by Robert Tallant. 9. Tom Prior, in "Outward Bound," by Sutton Vane. 10. Emily Webb, in "Our Town," by Thornton Wilder.

AY, AY, AY, OLE

"A lot of authors seem to have made themselves available in Guatemala. . . . You can do almost anything in Guatemala."
—From *Turns with a Bookworm*, *New York Herald Tribune Weekly Book Review*, June 15, 1947.

Where are the authors we used to know?
Where are the old familiar faces?
They are down in Guatemala to the south of Mexico,
Luxuriantly kicking over traces—
A procedure that's entirely *comme il faut*
In those primitive, unspoiled, and humid places.

For there's nothing that's intriguin'
In Skowhegan or Waukegan,
And the curfew's very strict in Ogallala,
But they feel like wild Apaches
When they put on those *huaraches*
And they do just as they like in Guatemala.

Oh, there are no honky-tonks
In Brooklyn or the Bronx,
And who would dare get tight in Walla Walla?
Now South Dakota bans as
Many wicked things as Kansas
But the limit is the sky in Guatemala.

Then wherefore should we stay
In the bourgeois U. S. A.
Where we lead a life of soul-destroying squalor,
Where all the minor cities
Are smothered by committees,
While there's joy for everyone in Guatemala?

So farewell, convention's shackles,
No more cereal that crackles,
No more need to wear a tie—or even collar;
Just ignore the foreign lingo,
There's a welcome for each gringo
In the sunlit commonwealth of Guatemala.
So give a whoop, so give a holler!
We're off this day for Guatemala.
There where native arts have flourished
We'll be more than amply nourished
By reliance on the good old Yankee dollar.

JAMES GIDNEY.

* * *

TO A WOODTHRUSH SINGING ABOVE A CITY STREET

Above the traffic sings the thrush;
From steepled tree his treble chime
Rings casually above the rush
And hectic tempo of our time,
An immemorial, timeless bell.

Alas, dear bird that unaware
Of man's dark engines, darker fate,
Sing in an hour when despair,
Fear, panic reign, you sing too late
To call men from the doom of hell.

And you who sing of heaven's delight
Shall perish, too, with heedless man
Into his self-created night,
The victim of his thoughtless plan!
Sing on, dear bird, such thoughts dispel!

DOROTHY GOODFELLOW

* * *

FURY

Oh, how
Sick I am of
"Know-how."

HELEN MARSTED.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

My Current Reading

SRL has asked a number of well-known public figures to report on their current reading—books they have just read, are reading now, or plan to read shortly. This week's list comes from **Harold E. Stassen,** ex-Governor of Minnesota and only avowed 1948 Republican Presidential candidate.

"Three Came Home," by Agnes Newton Keith
"Information Please Almanac," edited by John Kieran
"Together," by Katherine Tupper Marshall
"Behind the Silken Curtain," by Bartley Crum
"Inside U. S. A.," by John Gunther
"The Last Chapter," by Ernie Pyle
"Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," by Eric Hodgins
"Admiral Halsey's Story," by William F. Halsey
"The Lincoln Reader," by Paul M. Angle
"Kingsblood Royal," by Sinclair Lewis

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(Continued on page 46)

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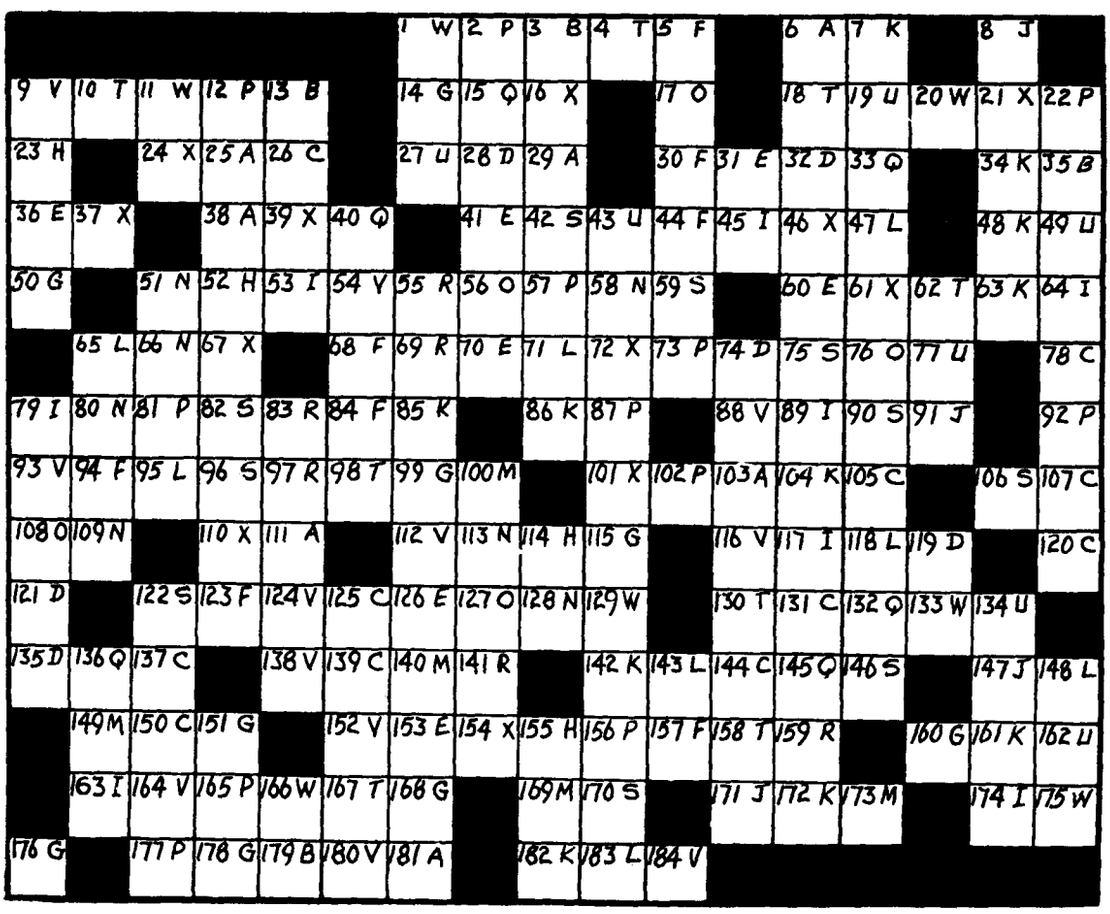
A. A list or register, esp. of ecclesiastical sees or districts.	25 111 29 6 181 103 38
B. Name given to Esau and later to the land of his descendants (Bib.).	35 3 179 13
C. Ardent; full of fire (as of steeds; Comp.).	150 131 78 105 125 107 120 137 139 144 26
D. Poem by Sir Walter Scott (1813).	32 121 119 28 135 74
E. In difficulties (3 wds.; Slang).	153 41 36 60 70 31 126
F. A zigzag road or course up a steep grade (Engin.).	68 94 5 30 84 123 44 157
G. One of India's present independent states.	168 176 50 151 99 160 178 14 115
H. Ardor; dash (Fr.).	52 155 114 23
I. State of the U. S. admitted Dec. 7, 1787.	174 64 79 89 163 117 53 45
J. Any of the Chiné silk fabrics of Sumatra, Java, Bali.	147 91 8 171
K. German pocket battleship sunk by the British off Norway, Dec. 26, 1943.	85 104 172 48 34 161 182 86 63 7 142
L. French cathedral, subject of part of a work by Henry Adams.	118 143 65 71 47 95 183 148

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. One of a people of central Caucasus of Aryan descent.	169 100 140 173 149
N. One who lives by preying on others.	58 128 109 51 80 66 113
O. American inventor, "the Watt of America" (1755-1819).	108 127 17 76 56
P. Russian-American pianist, composer, conductor (1873-1943).	165 177 92 102 81 12 2 57 156 22 73 87
Q. A goddess in Samuel Butler's "Erewhon" (Anagram of "Mrs. Grundy").	33 40 132 145 136 15
R. Chief Black Sea port of Russia.	141 97 69 159 83 55
S. Cheap or tawdry finery (Pl.).	170 90 75 122 62 59 42 96 146 106
T. One who lays out money or capital for income or profit.	4 130 18 62 158 167 98 10
U. Frivolous.	49 19 162 77 43 134 27
V. Character in Stevenson's "Kidnapped" (full name).	9 138 54 124 88 116 164 112 152 93 180 184
W. An O. T. character, ancestor of many Arabian tribes (Bib.).	1 20 133 166 175 11 129
X. With the head to the wind and all the sails flapping or shivering (4 wds.).	24 37 154 21 46 110 61 67 101 72 39 16

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 25 of this issue.

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New York Times

Williams fails, at any rate.

Unlike most recent historical novels, "House Divided" has no single, picaresque character to serve as a center of interest and to supply a special meaning to material and events not otherwise related. Rather, the book has several main characters, chiefly of the Currain family, whose fortunes the narrative traces, each of whom represents a different sort of Southerner. Mr. Williams gives each of these characters a definite individuality and validity, and the reader comes to know them intimately.

There are such fine, appealing figures as Trav Currain, the best type of Southern planter and Confederate officer; Cinda Dewain, Trav's sister, courageous, intelligent, resourceful, who could see good even in Lincoln and the North; such wholly or partly evil characters as Redford Streean, base, corrupt war profiteer; Nell Albion living by her wits and her beauty, mistress of two of the weaker Currains and spy for the North. And there are a score of other major and lesser characters — officers, common soldiers, small farmers, merchants, politicians, blockade runners, mercenaries, Negroes. There are battle scenes and terrible scenes in the hospitals; there are riots, lynchings, picnics, charades, seductions, intrigues, duels, family dinners, murders, miscegenation, and a great deal of talk on every topic relating to the South and the war.

Since there is no single

New York Herald Tribune

long accepted everywhere.

In "House Divided" Ben Ames Williams carries on the tradition—but with a difference. The overall effect of the story—its atmosphere, its tone—is romantic, but many of its details are such stuff as Thomas Nelson Page and Margaret Mitchell never dreamed of. Mr. Williams is a close intellectual neighbor of Miss Mitchell, but he also consorts with people unknown to her—such as Ellen Glasgow, Dr. Howard W. Odum and W. J. Cash—who are more interested in understanding Southern life than in idealizing it. The facts with which these other Southerners deal are often unlovely; it is Mr. Williams's achievement to have combined the facts and the romance without doing violence to either. With the smell of honeysuckle in our nostrils and a gallant pageant of cavaliers and ladies before our eyes, we are instructed in the economics of slavery, the mechanics of inflation and the methods of manipulating foreign exchange, each in easy lessons; we learn why the Southern railroads broke down long before the Yankees cut the rails, and why flour cost $60, $250, $500 a barrel, sugar $12 a pound, thread $5 a spool and quinine $100 an ounce, and why the non-slaveholders often showed a "warped" attitude toward the war effort. We learn all these things not only without pain but with pleasure. The story moves right along, and so fast, so romantic is it we don't know we're being educated.

It is the story of an aristocratic

House Divided

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

At all bookstores, $5.00 HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

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